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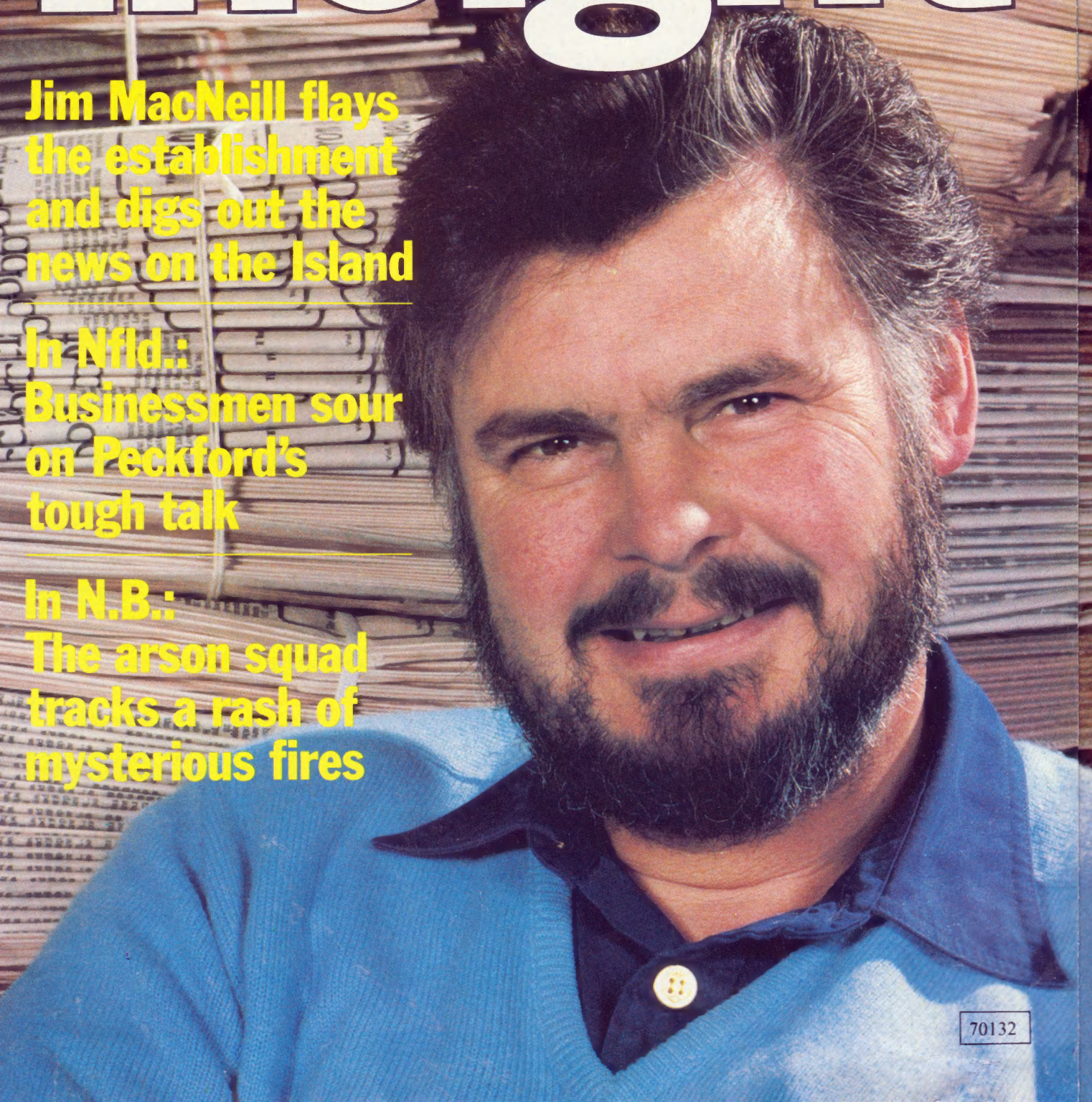
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Atlantic Insight

**Jim MacNeill flays
the establishment
and digs out the
news on the Island**

**In Nfld.:
Businessmen sour
on Peckford's
tough talk**

**In N.B.:
The arson squad
tracks a rash of
mysterious fires**







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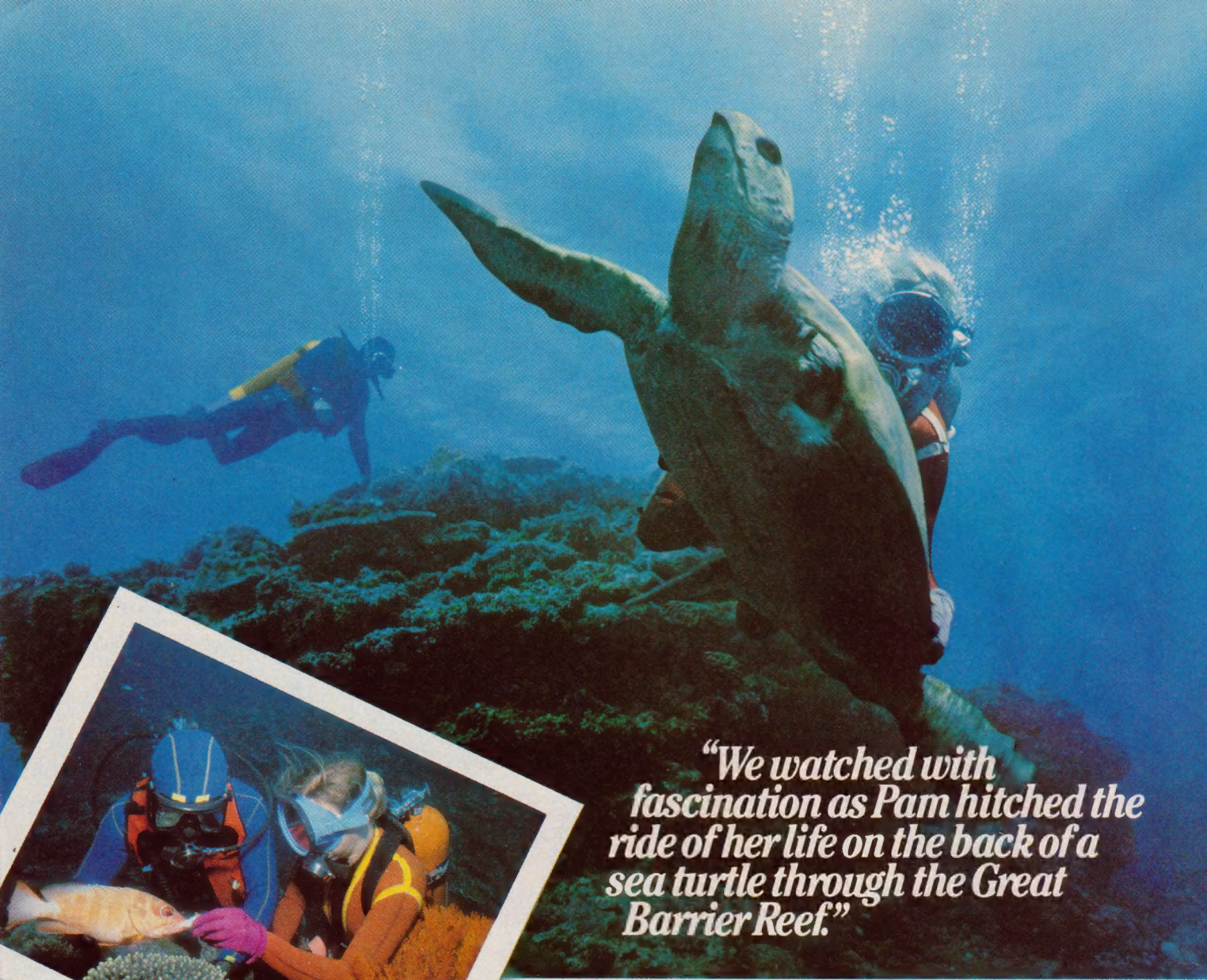
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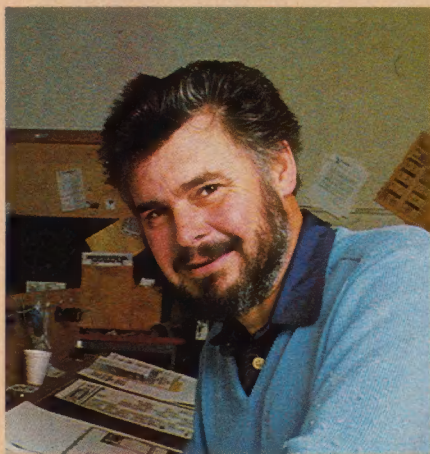
A taste of the world. The taste of home.



"Swapping fish stories."

Atlantic Insight

January 1983, Vol. 5 No. 1



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Cover Story: Jim MacNeill, Scot turned Prince Edward Islander, is tough, independent, outspoken and, almost everyone who knows him agrees, absolutely likable. That's why he's been able to rake muck with glee and notable success in his clutch of small community newspapers while remaining as affable as a teddy bear. Will personal and professional success spoil him? Not likely.

By Stephen Kimber

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID NICHOLS



52

Food: Among great kitchen smells, few can equal that of fresh baked bread. The other nice thing about it is that with just a basic recipe or two and your own fine additions, you can create a variety of loaves to tempt every palate. Get acquainted with the food you knead. Just don't beat it to death



56

Travel: Just off the coast of Florida in the Gulf of Mexico lie the islands of Sanibel and Captiva. They're havens of wild plant and animal life. They're so nice, in fact, that everyone wants a piece of their action, a situation which may eventually destroy everything that makes them attractive to people. It's the conservationists *versus* the developers, with the final winner still to be decided.

By Harry Bruce



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Art: David McKay, a self-taught artist from Fredericton, paints canvases in which old things predominate: Buildings, orchards, the land. He looks for harmony in life and his works present a somewhat distant view of a past remembered with affection.

By David Folster

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Yvonne Power

General Manager

Jack M. Daley

Regional Sales Manager,

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Lena Healy, Telephone: (902) 429-8090

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Larry Haley

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Telephone: (506) 382-6495

In Prince Edward Island:

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RR #2, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. COA 1R0

Telephone: (902) 651-2950

In Newfoundland:

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Editor's Letter

Dailies are nothing," one former weekly newspaper editor told an *Atlantic Insight* reporter over a year ago. He was wrong. Daily newspapers aren't nothing, but they aren't everything, either. That was the point of our having sent Parker Barss Donham to investigate the state of weekly community newspapers in the region at a time when the nation, with somewhat less than bated breath, awaited the report of the Royal Commission on Newspapers.

"Weekly newspapers in the Atlantic provinces have undergone a minor renaissance in recent years," Donham wrote, "casting off some of the fusty conservatism that once typified their breed and attracting a spirited group of journalists who seem to have no other place in the region's news media."

However, he went on to sound a warning: "A well-run newspaper is profitable enough to attract the interest of investors with no particular stake in journalism, while the old curmudgeon editors with ink stains on their hands who really cared about the ethics of newspapers can't afford to buy them anymore."

I don't know whether Jim MacNeill, the successful weekly newspaper editor who's the subject of our cover story this month, would appreciate being called an old curmudgeon. And if writer Stephen Kimber checked his fingers for inkstains, whatever he found, or didn't find, doesn't appear in the story. Kimber hopes success won't spoil MacNeill. Given the tendency of successful weeklies to be swallowed up by large investors, we hope it won't sink him.

I am a member of a jury of half a dozen people who get together several times a year to award grants of public money to publications concerned with the arts. A few of them might be known, by title or cover, at least, to the general public. Others would be considered obscure, perhaps, even by some of those who credit themselves with better than average awareness about the arts. Most are run on a shoestring, and a frayed one at that. What has impressed me, time and again, about the people who produce them is their dedication. Some have



devoted years, slogging, profitless years, to getting out one issue after another, never knowing if this year's grant might fail to come through, spelling the end of it all.

Something like that kind of dedication and belief clings like printer's ink to the Jim MacNeills of Atlantic Canada. Donham's story told of the weekly newspaper editor from Newfoundland's Northern Peninsula who rose early Monday at 4 a.m. and drove for eight hours to Grand Falls to get his paper printed, arriving home by 2 a.m. on Tuesday. (A nearer-located printer, owned by a large newspaper chain, refused to print his weekly.) He'd have a few stories to share with Jim and Shirley MacNeill.

It's no wonder that such newspapermen and women cherish their independence. Nor is it a wonder that their often hard-won success attracts the kind of investor interest which can make that independence a threatened commodity.

What is interesting is how such newspapers can raise hell and hackles without alienating their communities. MacNeill is a perfect case in point.

Part of the answer may be in his own personality. But a more important part, surely, lies in the fact that he and other weekly newspaper editors remain very much a part of their communities. They're the muckrakers-in-the-family who care because they live there. Collaring an editor on main street and scolding him for a story he's run must give a reader much more satisfaction than writing a letter or just stewing silently.

Weeklies can't do it all, of course. And, like the little girl with the curl on her forehead, when they're bad, they really can be horrid. When they're good though, they're a part of community life in this region that none of us would want to do without.

Marilyn MacDonald

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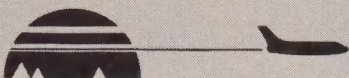
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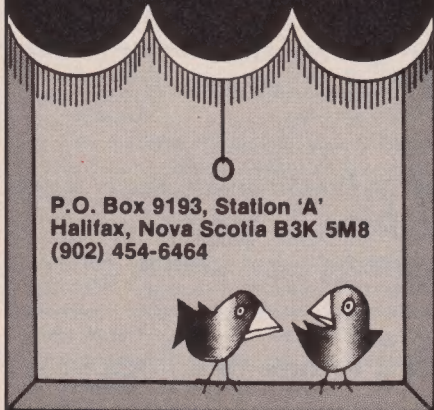
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FEEDBACK

How much is enough?

As the Squadron Commander of 413 Transport and Rescue Squadron, Canadian Forces Base Summerside, I would like to congratulate you on your article outlining the Atlantic Search and Rescue area and its organization (*Search and Rescue, Atlantic Style...*, The Region, May). Unfortunately, Mr. Story, in my opinion, did not print all the facts as they were presented to him. For example, our hours of operation are by direction of the federal government and are based on statistical data acquired over the past 20 years of operations. These hours are flexible and the squadron work week may be adjusted to include any five-day period of the week; for example, Thursday to Monday, if required. Although the aircraft were purchased in the 1960s, the helicopters are inspected every 200 flying hours. This means that each aircraft is completely inspected and most components changed at least twice a year. Mr. Story failed to note that all of the helicopters on the east coast are currently undergoing an update program which includes new radar, appropriate radios and new rotor blades.

With reference to the last paragraph of his article, one must realize that local fire departments are staffed and manned for 24-hour-a-day operations. The number of incidents which have occurred within the Halifax SAR area do not support this type of expenditure in either equipment or manpower. In fact, the manpower of my squadron would probably have to be tripled in order to provide the region immediate SAR support seven days a week. In order to provide the assurance and SAR coverage that Mr. Story feels is adequate, I believe that we would require many more SAR units along the eastern seaboard. I suggest the cost of such an operation may outweigh the logic of that approach or more specifically, how much is the taxpayer willing to pay?

Lt.-Col. S.D. Hopping
Slemon Park, P.E.I.

This land is our land

We feel it necessary to respond to certain inaccuracies or misrepresentations in the article *The Land Tug-of-War Gets Rough* (Newfoundland and Labrador), which appeared in your September issue. The province of Newfoundland the St. John's government claims consists of all the island of Newfoundland and the territory of Labrador. Although we naturally do not accept these claims against the "Labrador" portion of our homeland (the territory of the Innu or Naskapi Montagnais, Ntesinan, stretches from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Ungava Bay and the Labrador coast), your statement that the Conne River Micmacs are claiming one-third of the province is false. The Conne River people are claiming one-

third of the island of Newfoundland. You also state that Micmacs live in Labrador. The aboriginal inhabitants of Ntesinan, including that portion claimed by Newfoundland as Labrador, are the Innu or the Naskapi Montagnais, numbering some 9,000 people in all. No Micmacs live in Ntesinan either in that portion claimed by Quebec or in that portion claimed by Newfoundland.

Penote Michel
Naskapi Montagnais Innu Association
Northwest River, Labrador

True or false?

I would like to correct a clause that appeared in an article in *Atlantic Insight* (*Spray Wars, Part Two*, Nova Scotia, October): "Now that the budworm epidemic has run its course..." It would be desirable if this clause were true, but it is not.

Thomas D. Smith
Truro, N.S.

Unfair to whom?

The Catholic Church receives a fair amount of bad press and some of it is deserved; but, does anyone really believe that a parish priest, a diocese and provincial court judge would conspire to hound these people merely for kneeling at communion (*Good Catholic...or Heretic?* Religion, October)? Mr. Kimber, whether intentionally or not, appears to give more credence to Mrs. Skoke-Graham than to Father Gillis. This is both unfair and unrealistic. In various Catholic churches in Halifax, individuals still kneel for communion. They are not harassed by church authorities but then neither do they harass and disturb their fellow parishioners.

Mary C. Clancy
Halifax, N.S.

The gravy was groovy

Several of your comments in *Halifax Blossoms with Good Places to Eat* (Cover Story, July) were both misleading and unfair. You have described several restaurants in a very good light as they now exist. In contrast, you attempt to pass off a faint 20-year-old memory of adolescent visits to the Garden View as if it were yesterday. You stated, quite unfairly, that "east met west and lost," yet you ordered only a hot chicken sandwich. With one of the most extensive Chinese menus in the city, the management should not be blamed for your choice of meal. For that matter, it couldn't have been all that bad. The Garden View won an award for the best gravy in the city. Did you know that your sandwich had award-winning gravy on it? But you failed to mention that. You mentioned crumbling egg rolls. A

crumbling egg roll is the sign of a good egg roll, as opposed to ■ soggy greasy one. Since you obviously know nothing about Chinese food, might I suggest that you not set yourself up as ■ food critic and display your ignorance for all to see. To write off one of the finest Chinese restaurants in the area on the basis of a vague memory is an abuse of the power of journalism.

*Dow Fong,
Executive Chef
Garden View Restaurant
Halifax, N.S.*

Halifax airport OK for wheelchairs

We enjoyed the article on the local wheelchair athletes competing in the Pan American Wheelchair Games (*Flying Wheels Go for the Gold*, Sports, August). However, one statement concerning Halifax International Airport being poorly designed for wheelchairs is not accurate. A new elevator was installed as part of the air terminal building expansion in 1976, capable of carrying four or five wheelchairs at once, plus many other projects such as curb cuts, telephone heights, washroom improvements, interlevel ramps and a chair lift at the north end of the terminal. Dr. Don Curran of the Canadian Paraplegic Association visited the airport with a group of his colleagues in late 1980 to assist in a detailed review of facilities in anticipation of the Pan Am Games. At that time the terminal area was found quite satisfactory with the exception of ■ few small items such as mirror heights. During flight arrivals for the Games, a last-minute decision saw a charter with 150 persons, of whom about half were in wheelchairs, processed through the air terminal building in ■ very efficient manner. Original plans co-ordinated with Games officials gave them the option of off-loading on the aircraft apron or putting passengers through the terminal building. In addition, for departures, it was decided that all athletes would be processed through the air terminal building. Again people were moved through the terminal complex in an efficient manner.

*George M. Knox,
Airport General Manager
Elmsdale, N.S.*

Fishing for compliments

As ■ Newfoundlander and as this province's minister of Fisheries, I take strong exception to Mr. Ray Guy's statements on quality control in our fishing industry (*At Last, Salt Cod Is Trendy*, August). Over the past four years the Newfoundland government has adopted an intensive quality improvement program for our fishing industry. These efforts are continuing, but, to date, they have already achieved success, a success that has been demonstrated by a considerably improved reputation of all our fish products — fresh, frozen and salted — especially among the highly dis-

cerning consumer in the American marketplace. Quality control in the Newfoundland fishery is not as Mr. Guy states "a scandal." Rather it is a reality that is now bringing benefits to all concerned and will continue to bring benefits in the future. His statement that some of our fish is not fit for "no self-respecting Scandinavian dog" is, in my opinion, an irresponsible uninformed statement on the part of the writer, and both an insult to the thousands of Newfoundland fishermen and plant workers who have spent considerable time and effort in upgrading their skills and equipment to produce our quality fish products and a disservice to our fishery as ■ whole.

*James Morgan, MHA,
Minister of Fisheries
St. John's, Nfld.*

Amusing, but confusing

Harry Bruce's attack on passive verbs (*Backward Run Sentences. And the Mind Reels*, Writing, August) amuses, but his attitude toward verbs in general sometimes confuses. As one who assesses the papers of undergraduates and graduates and edits professors' papers and tycoons' reports, Mr. Bruce would surely be expected, like Sir Winston Churchill, to have in his bones the "essential structure of the ordinary British sentence — which is a noble thing." Nevertheless, although his sentence "The trouble in that sentence starts with its main verb"

at least implies that a sentence should contain a verb, he then uses several "sentences" that have no verbs, active or passive. Therefore he should add a second rule to PIPi (Plans for Instant Prose Improvement) if his sentences are to achieve their nobility: Every sentence, braced by a verb, shall stand on its own feet.

*Allister Robertson
Halifax, N.S.*

They fought the good fight

I was very impressed by the article *At Netherwood School for Girls, It's a Man Who's Boss*, (Education, September). It was informative and objective. However, I must disagree with the statement made by Mrs. C. Robinson, head of the Netherwood Old Girls Association: "The schools remain independent... the plans can always be changed." As ■ student at the school last year, I was able to observe the situation first hand. The probability of the "plan" ever being changed is highly unlikely. The staff of Netherwood, some members of the board, and the Old Girls Association, put up ■ very hard fight to save the school last year, but it was in vain. If the plan couldn't be changed then, it surely can't be changed now or ever. My support goes out to Dr. Tilson and Mr. Rowe, whose job is to pick up the pieces and salvage what is left of both schools.

*Kate Hanratty
Renforth, N.B.*

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Dalhousie University professors on the picket line: Further power struggles ahead?

Atlantic universities: Stormy weather ahead

Last year's scattered signs of turmoil — involving students, staff and entire institutions — were only the beginning. This year, the money crisis could mean trouble for universities everywhere in the region

By Alan Story

As he looks out his office window across the spreading Dalhousie University campus in Halifax, psychology department chairman Bob Rodger is obviously troubled. In one direction, he can see Dalplex, the three-year-old, \$10.5-million athletic and recreation complex. In another direction is the new, \$2.5-million Dal rink with its curved, coned wooden roof. Just down the street is the university president's residence, recently renovated at a cost of \$432,000. "This is not Dalhousie," Rodger says. "Dalhousie is its scholars, both faculty and students. Dalhousie is

its books, its manuscripts, its people debating and reading and thinking." Then he adds: "If it weren't so cold in the winter, sometimes I think we should leave all this hardware behind and set up tents in Tatamagouche."

It's unlikely that the 3,600 faculty and 40,000 students at Atlantic Canada's 20 universities will be packing up their manuscripts and lecterns and moving into tents — as scholars in medieval Europe did when times got tough. But the recession is forcing universities to ask many of the same questions faced by the first universities at Bologna, Paris and Oxford: What's the purpose of a univer-

sity? Who should go? What will they study? And who will decide what they'll study?

Across the region in 1982, answers to some of these questions were implicit in the signs of turmoil at several universities: The growth of the faculty union movement, student demonstrations, the shutdown of one university and demands for a change in direction at another.

And this year, conflict and change could well spread to all universities in the region. The catalyst is likely to be the future funding of universities. The five-year federal-provincial program for funding post-secondary education, called the Established Program Financing (EPF) agreement, expired last April. Under EPF, Ottawa paid the provinces, in cash and tax credits, about \$3 billion

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Atlantic universities: Stormy weather ahead

Over the past few years, the Atlantic region has seen a steady decline in university enrollment. This trend is expected to continue, with some universities facing the possibility of closure in the near future.

Atlantic universities are facing a stormy future. Enrollment has been declining for years, and many schools are struggling to maintain their budgets. Some universities are considering cuts, while others are looking for ways to attract more students. The situation is dire, and the future of higher education in the region is uncertain.

Universities in the Atlantic region are facing a crisis. Enrollment has been declining for years, and many schools are struggling to maintain their budgets. Some universities are considering cuts, while others are looking for ways to attract more students. The situation is dire, and the future of higher education in the region is uncertain.

The Atlantic region is facing a crisis in higher education. Enrollment has been declining for years, and many schools are struggling to maintain their budgets. Some universities are considering cuts, while others are looking for ways to attract more students. The situation is dire, and the future of higher education in the region is uncertain.

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THE REGION

each year to operate universities. This federal contribution amounts to about 58% of the annual operating budgets of universities. (Provincial government grants, tuition fees and endowments make up most of the balance.) While the terms of EPF were extended until April, 1983, "real negotiations for a new funding agreement haven't started and, in fact, there may not be a mutually acceptable agreement," says John Keyston, executive director of the Association of Atlantic Universities. One fear of student and faculty leaders is that some federal funds formerly allotted to universities will be transferred into manpower retraining for Canada's unemployed under programs such as the National Training Act.

Even if EPF is extended this April for another year, "federal funding will probably be held at last year's level," warns Peter Butler, post-secondary education adviser to Nova Scotia Education Minister Terry Donahoe. Such a freeze could mean major cutbacks in the region's universities this year and next.

Administrators, faculty and student leaders are becoming increasingly uneasy. As Keyston points out, "Atlantic universities are very heavily dependent on federal spending... and we don't have a heritage fund." Or, more graphically, in the words of the president of the Canadian Association of University Teachers, "Canadian universities are in danger of going the way of the Avro Arrow [a fighter plane discontinued in 1959 by the federal government]."

At the very least, the funding squeeze should force universities — the most autonomous of tax-supported institutions — to examine closely their purpose in life. The feds have said repeatedly they want "more economic accountability" from the provinces in the operation of universities and "more relevance" in university programs. This means tying university education more closely to the projected demands of the national job market. And this means producing more graduates in technical and business pro-

grams and fewer in the arts and humanities. Business and industry leaders have long been making this same "more scholar for the dollar" demand.

One reflection of this point of view is a proposal to change the direction of the University of P.E.I. Last October, an advisory committee set up by UPEI president Peter Meincke proposed that the university start specializing in technical and business programs. The committee recommended cutting out UPEI's music department; eliminating the possibility of students majoring in subjects such as physics, chemistry, political science,

professor Gary Webster says the report is "very much related to Ottawa technocratic thinking." The proposals, he says, would narrow the focus of a liberal education — and are part of an attempt to cut back on staff. Classics professor John Quincy is even more apprehensive. "If this report goes through," he says, "in 10 years we will have no university."

The report didn't go through the university senate, and the issues related to it are far from settled at UPEI or other institutions in the region. Two views contend. One says universities "must increase their training component," func-

tion like a "full-fledged player in the economy" and produce, for example, more business administrators and computer scientists. Restraint — and taxpayers — demand it. This was the message of Ontario Minister of Education Bette Stephenson at a recent conference organized by the Council of Ministers of Education. The other point of view, held by faculty such as Gary Webster and Bob Rodger, believes the essence of a university education is a liberal education: Liberating students from fixed ideas and ways of thinking, teaching them to get to the heart of a problem, discussing and debating the great issues and answers of the day and of the past.

As for who should decide what students should be studying, Rodger says, "This is the role of the scholars, the faculty and students, not John Buchanan or Terry Donahoe. It's a question of academic freedom." When universities besides UPEI debate academic choices and options, these two views are certain to come into greater conflict.

Conflict will also develop as provincial governments (and perhaps, indirectly, the federal government) attempt to cut down on duplication of courses and departments. Nova Scotia, with 15 degree-granting institutions, including six in Halifax alone, probably will be the main battleground. "The university system we have is far too rich for a small province like Nova Scotia," Butler says.



UPEI president Meincke: The university needs to change direction to solve budget problems

philosophy and economics; dropping some programs and merging others, and redirecting efforts toward computer science, engineering, business administration and biology. Meincke says these changes are badly needed "to meet the growing budgetary problems of UPEI." As for merging courses of study, such as economics and business administration, he observes that "the most recent Nobel Prize winner in economics comes from a joint school of business administration and economics."

But outraged faculty and students saw the report, in the words of one professor, as "the UPEI old boys hatching up a super high school." Political studies

"We need to have more merging and integrating."

He thinks Nova Scotia needs only one university education department. The closing last August of Halifax's Atlantic Institute of Education reflects the government's view. (Students can still get degrees in education at eight other Nova Scotian institutions.) However, there is some inconsistency in the government's approach. When the Nova Scotia Technical College (now the Technical University of Nova Scotia) and Dalhousie agreed to merge a few years ago, it was the province that opposed the marriage. And last year, the government gave degree-granting status to another institution, the University College of Cape Breton.

If universities are feeling the pinch of hard economic times, so are students. Last fall, university enrolment increased by an average of 9% across the region (at Newfoundland's Memorial University, it went up by 15%). It's probably easier for students from a variety of economic backgrounds to go to university than it was 20 years ago. But a university education is still expensive. A 1982 survey of Dalhousie University students showed that 48% of them came from families with an income greater than \$30,000. Only a fifth of Atlantic Canadians fit in this income bracket. A mere 12% of Dalhousie students came from families whose income was less than \$15,000. Student leaders, noting that universities in the region have the highest tuition fees in Canada, say student loan and bursary programs are falling further and further behind expenses.

Last April, students at the Université de Moncton launched a Sixties-style protest against tuition fee costs, which rose 85% between 1976 and 1981 and jumped another 23% in one year. For eight days, 200 students occupied the main administration building until they were evicted — and some handcuffed and arrested — by police in riot gear.

There's been conflict at the faculty level, as well. At an increasing number of universities in the region, professors are organizing and joining the faculty union movement that began in the Seventies. Last summer, the Sackville, N.B., Mount Allison University faculty union became the latest to be certified after an organizing campaign that the university administration opposed bitterly.

Strong faculty unions have the potential of bringing significant changes to the governing and direction of universities; some people feel they already have shifted the balance of power. As University of New Brunswick president James Downey said recently, "The advent of faculty unions certainly made a great deal of difference in the way in which a good deal gets done [at a university]." Proposals now percolating in some faculty associations about the governing of universities — up to and including abolishing boards of governors — suggest further power struggles lie ahead. ☒

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Alarms in the night

As officials search desperately for clues to the origin of fires that have been plaguing Saint John and Fredericton, citizens wonder when and where a pyromaniac might strike again

Nov. 11, 4:45 a.m. Dawn is still two hours away. In the darkness of a Saint John, N.B., alley, a figure steps unnoticed behind a rambling, three-storey tenement, then opens the door to a combination stairwell and garbage shaft. Emerging moments later, he crosses an empty street and vanishes into the far alley.

Five minutes later, a low crackling disturbs the silence of the small hours. A dull, orange glare shines through a window. A brighter tongue of flame licks through the crack in the door. Within 10 minutes, the stairwell is a roaring inferno. Flames shoot skyward from the roof. Fleeing tenants in night dress and hastily donned clothes gather on the sidewalk.

The fire guts three buildings, and leaves almost 100 people homeless.

Fire departments everywhere are familiar with set fires, including Halloween "pranks" and grass-burnings that get out of hand. But as the string of fires that plagued New Brunswick through last autumn grew longer, evidence mounted that firemen in Saint John and Fredericton faced a more frightening phenomenon — pyromania.

In eight days in Saint John: An exterior oil tank exploded and sent nine families fleeing a burning apartment building; the Remembrance Day fire gutted 24 Pitt Street apartments; and just five blocks away, 15 people escaped a late-evening blaze in a stairwell.

In Fredericton, during a 30-day period: A set fire in a frame apartment building on King Street left an elderly man dead; within 50 yards of the earlier fire, a nearly identical blaze gutted another small apartment and office complex; three buildings at the Fredericton Exhibition grounds — worth about \$2 million — were levelled by a set fire.

The full list of suspicious fires in the two cities runs into the dozens. Fredericton alone suffered 14 known arson fires between May and mid-November.

"We're not suggesting that all the fires have been set by the same person for the same reason," Fredericton Fire Chief Tom Powell told reporters two weeks after the Exhibition grounds fire. Insurance fraud, attempts to conceal burglaries and sheer vandalism may have been behind some of them.

But not all. Insurance fraud did not explain fires in four unrelated properties in less than 20 minutes on Remembrance Day, says Terry Fennel, Saint John's

seasoned arson squad expert. Nor did ordinary vandalism. "You've got umpteen empty houses all around there that weren't touched. I wouldn't call this a vandal fire. This is something else. I would say we have a person suffering from pyromania. A person who sets fires for no motive whatsoever."

Dr. S.M. Akhtar, chief of forensic psychiatry at the Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth, N.S., says the firebug was likely a male, in his late teens or 20s. "The person experiences a recurrent compulsion," Akhtar says. "He doesn't know why, but there's a compulsion pushing him to set fires. If he doesn't act, there will be a mounting tension within him that will be relieved only by the act of setting fires."

Psychiatry is vague about what drives



Evidence of a frightening phenomenon



One of four fires in 20 minutes in Saint John's south end, Nov. 11, 1982

the pyromaniac's irrational urges. It may be a sick form of sexual need. More likely it is misdirected and irrational rage, a sense of power, or a simple need for attention.

Whatever was riding the arsonist — or arsonists — in New Brunswick through late 1982, Akhtar warns, each fire would dull the urge only for a time. Within days or weeks, the tension would begin to mount again.

The absence of rational motives has confronted fire investigators with a difficult task. Powell compares it to the search for another man driven by irrational compulsion — the Yorkshire Ripper. "It could be almost anybody in the city of Fredericton," Powell says. "These tendencies can break out at any time. We know we're going to get another fire, but we don't know when."

Fredericton police and fire departments formed a special task force to handle the case. In Saint John, police mounted extra patrols in the city's vulnerable south end. The arson squad, armed with a black binder containing photographs of hundreds of people associated with set fires, interviewed dozens of fire victims, fire fighters and bystanders, hoping to uncover the vital shred of information that would lead to an arrest.

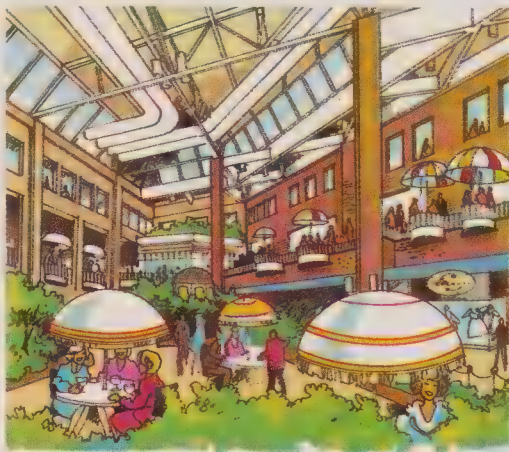
Dogging the inquiries was fear that the pyromaniac might strike again before he was found.

Similar thoughts occurred to many ordinary citizens. In the wake of the Exhibition grounds fire, Fredericton businessmen nervously reviewed their fire insurance. Some residents of Saint John's south end slept fitfully, trying not to hear the crackle of flames in every creak of the area's old frame buildings.

"At night, when I go to bed," confessed Diane Barter, who escaped the Remembrance Day fire with her two children, "I'm almost too scared to go to sleep. Scared the same thing might happen over again." — Chris Wood



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Wanted: Crime's forgotten victims

Nova Scotia's program for compensating victims of crime is working well, except for one little thing: Too few law-abiding citizens are applying for aid

At 10:45 p.m. on Jan. 5, 1982, two armed men attacked Jessie Landry, a clerk at the Victoria Motel in Amherst, N.S. They choked her, whipped her with a pistol, beat her savagely on the head and face and robbed her. Several months later, after extensive medical treatment, Landry appeared before the Nova Scotia Criminal Injuries Board in Halifax. She received \$3,698.23 to compensate her for medical costs, lost wages, expenses, and the pain and suffering that resulted from the attack. Her assailants, Terrance Gray and Bernard Babiuk, are serving time in jail.

Two years ago, Nova Scotia became the ninth province to set up machinery to help people often forgotten by the judicial system — people who, like Jessie Landry, are victims of crime. Since it started, the Halifax-based board, funded by the province and the feds, has had a somewhat surprising problem: Too few of what the board calls “truly innocent” victims have come forward. So far, it has compensated about 60 Nova Scotians an average of \$3,500 each for mental or physical injury, and has made awards as high as \$15,000 (the highest going to a woman stabbed repeatedly while in her own apartment).

People don't always understand what the board is all about. “We get phone calls from people saying, ‘I got kicked in the rear end,’ ” says case investigator Keith Hall, a former RCMP officer. If the injury isn't serious enough to keep them from work the next day, it doesn't count. But, simply by reading reports of crime in the newspapers, the board knows there are more victims it should be hearing from.

“We're not seeing enough of the little old lady walking down the street who's robbed and beaten,” Hall says. The board has conducted only one hearing on a rape, although police records show that nearly 100 sexual assaults occur annually in Halifax alone. A “sizeable number” of cases that the board hears concern incidents in licensed premises. Victim and offender have been drinking, and violence has occurred. “It almost seems,” Hall says, “that those who are street-wise are more aware of our program than the average law-abiding citizen.”

Posters about the program hang in police stations, and police officers are supposed to tell victims about it. Perhaps the victims want to forget the whole nasty incident rather than relive it at a

hearing. Perhaps they don't know about it. When a reporter called the federal Justice Department recently, looking for the board's telephone number, the receptionist had never heard of the agency; she suggested the occupational safety branch of Labour Canada. (The board's listed under the provincial Department of the Attorney General.)

The three-member board consists of chairman David Waterbury, a lawyer; Dr. Benson Auld, a Halifax surgeon; and Robert Bruce, a chartered accountant. When it receives an application — it's had more than 130 — from a crime victim, Hall reviews it, contacts the police department involved for a report and calls the victim's doctor. Sometimes he visits the scene of the crime. After his investigation he and Waterbury decide “if

tim's award if it decides that poor judgment may have contributed to the attack. The victim, for example, may have been walking in a rough neighborhood at 2 a.m., drunk and disorderly.

The idea of compensating victims isn't new. The great code of Hammurabi (Hammurabi ruled Babylon in the 18th century BC) says that if a man is robbed and the robber hasn't been captured, the city and the governor “shall compensate him for whatever was lost.” (For a murder, the victim's heirs would get financial compensation.) Through the centuries, philosophers periodically raised the issue, but it wasn't until 20 years ago that the first modern-day nation, New Zealand, enacted a compensation program. Now, P.E.I. is the only province without a compensation board. “For too long, the victim has been forgotten,” Hall says. In the adversary justice system, Waterbury observes, the prosecution wants to “get the bad guy,”



Case investigator Hall: Too few little old ladies come forward

it looks like an appropriate case.” The board can hold hearings on such crimes as rape, kidnapping, murder. Hearings usually take place in a modern meeting room with bright orange chairs on the ninth floor of a downtown office building in Halifax. Sometimes, though, the board travels to other centres in the province.

At a recent hearing, involving an incident in a pinball hall, both the teenage victim and the teenage offender appeared with lawyers; usually, only the victim is represented by a lawyer. The board can order the offender to pay restitution to the victim. But that doesn't do the victim much good. “Our offenders are almost 100% unreliable,” Waterbury says. The board can also reduce a vic-

and the defence wants to get him off. “The poor old victim becomes a rung in the ladder.”

Hall points out that the justice system provides an arrested person with a lawyer if he can't afford one; he also may receive counselling before the trial. The victim attends the trial at some expense to himself, and takes the responsibility for physical, mental or economic problems resulting from the crime.

Waterbury, who's practised law for 34 years and acted as both a defence lawyer and a Crown prosecutor, says lawyers “become as callous as hell”: They forget how the victim must feel. That's what the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board is designed to consider.

—Roma Senn

A hake named Basquelle

Would you like this homely, bearded fish any better if it had a prettier name? Island fishermen hope so

Would a hake by any other name be more popular?

That's the question the Prince Edward Island Fishermen's Association (PEIFA) is debating as it tries to solve the problem of marketing the Island's most underrated fish. The hake, an admittedly homely looking fish with a large anal fin and a beard, is also known by such unappetizing names as squirrel hake, mud hake and ling. Landings of more than nine million pounds of hake were recorded on P.E.I. in 1982, and the fish remains a mainstay for fishermen in Murray Harbour and Souris. But there are few markets for the product, so the price for fresh hake remains at 10 cents a pound, about half the price of cod.

"We thought we'd rename hake,"

Basquelle.

Contest winner Gregg Stewart, a newspaper reporter in Charlottetown, says the name has no significance in either English or French. "I submitted the name half seriously," says Stewart, who won \$100 worth of groceries for his entry. "It was just something that came into my head."

Barbara Birch, a provincial market development officer and member of the panel, says she readily recognizes the poor reputation of hake. "Hake just doesn't have much pizzazz," she says. "It's cheaper than cod but just never caught on. You seldom see hake in stores and I really think the name has something to do with it."

Birch says Island hake is frozen,

dried or salted for export but very little is sold fresh although the taste is very good. "When I'm eating it I have great difficulty distinguishing it from cod," she says.

Another panel member, hake fisherman Clint Harris of Murray Harbour, says almost every fisherman he knows prefers the taste of hake to cod. "Anyone who's already buying hake as hake will buy it as basquelle, and we may get other people trying it as well," he says.

The province's market development centre tries to promote hake at hotel and restaurant trade fairs as well as with brokers for markets in Ontario and Quebec, but Birch says it's difficult to change the image of the fish if people simply won't try it or it never appears on restaurant menus.

Jim Jenkins, chief of resource allocation and development for the Department of Fisheries and Oceans for P.E.I., says changing a fish's name would take months. The proposal would first have to be submitted to Ottawa. Then, once the feds approve the new name, it would be submitted to other countries with



FISHERIES AND OCEANS

says Rory McLellan, PEIFA managing director. "We're looking at any kind of way to market the fish as a fresh product," McLellan says the hake dilemma is acute because markets for salt hake are disappearing while landings of the fish on P.E.I. are increasing. "It seems that hake only moves when cod is not available," he says. "It's just not being sold fresh."

As a last resort, some hake fishermen came up with the idea of renaming hake, and the PEIFA organized a contest. During last November's annual PEIFA convention, a panel of judges considered a list of 150 possible names submitted by fishermen and other interested Islanders. The panel (consisting of fishermen, marketing officials and reporters) ruled out such entries as Island Delight, Delish, Northumberland Ling, Arctic Silver Sirloin and Coinstar. Less credible entries such as Shake and Hake, and Atlantic Loin Cloth were also quickly discarded in favor of the final choice —



DAVID NICHOLS

Stewart: "It was just something that came into my head"

hake markets, including the U.S.

As Jenkins observes, a name change can have a drastic effect on a fish's image. In the Sixties, a group of U.S. seafood processors changed the name of pollock — a fish that subsequently enjoyed great marketing success as Boston bluefish.

"It's up to the importing countries as to whether they accept the name change or not," Jenkins says. "There are a lot of steps, but the effort would be worthwhile."

McLellan concedes that an official name change involves "a lot of pain." But there are other options open to the fishermen's association. For a start, it's trying to find more U.S. markets for fresh hake, and it's considering over-the-side sales of the fish to foreign trawlers. And fishermen may try selling hake as basquelle on the Island — just to test the theory that consumers will like it better under a glamorous, new name.

—Andrew Mahon

"We can't afford to wait"

As sales plummet, taxes soar and Newfoundland's fight with the feds goes on — and on — many businessmen are getting impatient with Brian Peckford's tough guy style

Mr. Peckford took an axe... A new Phoenix has risen in the east. Speak not against him for thou wilt be a disloyal Newfoundland. Debate not with him for the views of others are inconsequential and foolish. — letter to the St. John's Evening Telegram.

As the letter to the *Telegram* (signed "Baggywrinkle, St. John's") illustrates, some Newfoundland businessmen are getting a bit testy these days: They're watching in horror as sales plummet, taxes soar and Premier Brian Peckford's argument with the feds over offshore resources comes no closer to an end.

"It's not that we disagree with the province's position on the offshore, but we sometimes question Mr. Peckford's negotiating skills," says John Royle, vice-president of Sealand Marine Inc., a small electronics firm.

In Newfoundland, the premier and his inner circle of advisers make practically every decision related to the offshore. Royle wonders whether the present deadlock over jurisdiction could have been avoided if Peckford had sought the advice of people with more business experience. "Sometimes it's not what you say but how you say it," Royle says. It's not the first time businessmen have criticized Peckford's fiery approach. Last September, the Newfoundland government refused to participate in what was billed as the largest oil and gas trade show ever held in eastern Canada. More than 400 exhibitors and hundreds of petroleum executives attended the event in Halifax. St. John's Mayor John Murphy and a few businessmen from Gander and Buchans represented Newfoundland. Murphy, angered at the province's absence, announced to oil company executives at the trade show that Newfoundlanders were fed up with "the search for political brownie points" in the offshore jurisdictional dispute with Ottawa. He said the activity in Halifax since Nova Scotia signed an offshore management agreement last March left him green with envy.

Four months later, that envy hasn't dissipated — and little wonder. The possibility of an early settlement of the jurisdictional question is now more remote than ever. Negotiations broke off in October, and the whole matter has been turned over to the courts to decide.

Meanwhile, provincial revenues are down by \$60 million; the Peckford government's response has been to raise taxes and cut services. Investment is

down 14% in the trade and commercial sector, and 20% in housing. The one large development planned for downtown St. John's has been put on hold: The Bank of Nova Scotia decided to postpone building a \$31-million office complex until the future of the offshore is more certain.

To make matters worse, Mobil Oil, the key player in Newfoundland's offshore, rubbed salt in the wounds in November by expanding its exploration program in Nova Scotia by \$310 million. This brings the total value of new exploration projects off Nova Scotia since the signing of the agreement with Ottawa to \$1.6 billion. In Newfoundland, about \$320 million was spent on petroleum exploration in 1982.

Considering all this, you might assume that consumers and businessmen would be banging on Peckford's door for a compromise solution to the offshore dispute. Not so. Most Newfoundlanders wouldn't even dream of it.

"We've been sold down the river before," says Bill Guppy, a financial planner with Investors Group, "and we don't want it to happen again." Newfoundlanders, he observes, like to bet on a sure thing; per capita, they buy more Canada Savings Bonds than anyone else.

Guppy, like other Newfoundlanders, is bitter about the Churchill Falls hydro agreement that Joey Smallwood rushed into in 1969. That deal gave Quebec about \$500 million a year in revenues and left Newfoundland with a paltry \$20 million annually. The life of the hydro agreement is 65 years, and the Peckford government is now embroiled in a court battle to overturn it.

This sense of loyalty to the premier is carefully cultivated by Peckford's press-conscious executives, who are full of stern rebuke for those pushing for a quick offshore settlement. And the government keeps Newfoundlanders well-informed on the issue. After negotiations on the offshore broke off in October, Peckford went on television explaining in minute detail the terms of the federal government's offer and why he couldn't accept it.

Almost everyone has an idea about what the offshore means to the province. For instance, one shopkeeper in a residential section of St. John's, who runs a corner grocery store out of her house, says she's not happy about seeing her unemployed children leave for Alberta while the dispute drags on. But she doesn't want Newfoundland to settle for another rot-

ten deal like the Churchill Falls debacle.

Peckford says Ottawa's proposal would net the province \$25 billion in revenues — but the province would need \$10 to \$20 billion of this to lower Newfoundland's tax rates to the national average. What's left, he says, is not even enough to make Newfoundland a "have" province, let alone generate employment for future generations. Ottawa's share of government revenues would be \$62 billion because it would be saving on equalization payments, he says.

Peckford refuses to settle on these terms and dismisses taunts from federal politicians who advise him to follow Nova Scotia's example. "We'll burn more gas off our flare stacks than Nova Scotia will ever produce," he once snorted.

The sharpest dig came from Prime Minister Trudeau, who seemed to be daring Peckford last fall to call a Quebec-style referendum on the offshore dispute. Peckford's response was that last April's provincial election — in which his party won 44 of the 52 seats in the legislature — was a clear-enough vote of confidence.

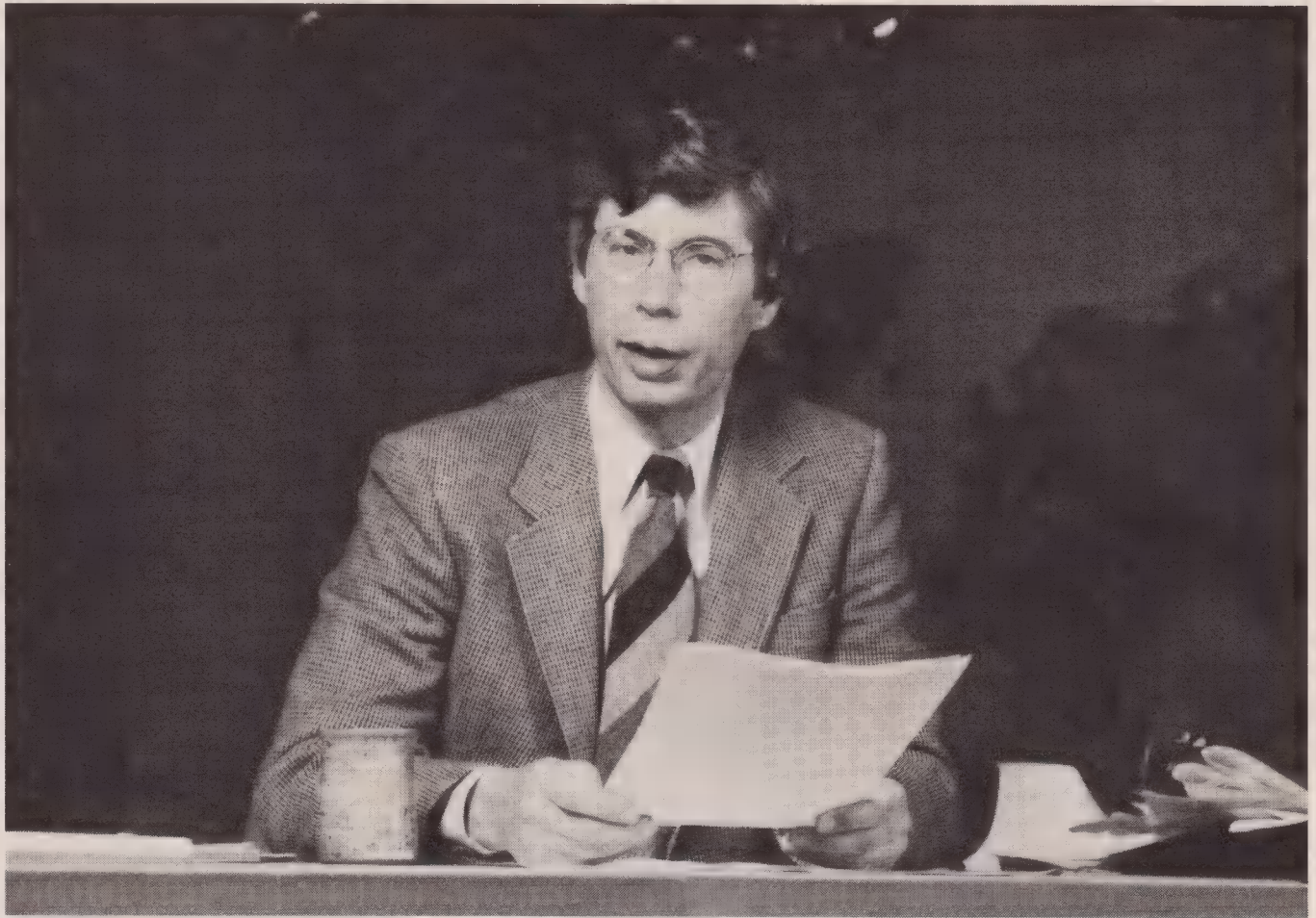
The opposition in Newfoundland has been put in the uncomfortable position of having to support the government on the offshore issue. "He's a well-meaning young fellow," Liberal leader Steve Neary said of Peckford recently, "but his negotiating style leaves something to be desired."

This seems to be the main criticism of Peckford. But people such as Christine Fagan, president of the St. John's Board of Trade, are worried. "Time is not on our side" she says, "and unless the agreement is reached soon, it may be years before Hibernia is developed."

The Board estimates that the stand-off has cost the province \$180 million to \$200 million in new business, at least three drilling rigs operating offshore and 900 to 1,100 new jobs. "Nova Scotia is getting the jump on us, both in exploration activity and support services," Fagan says. "And I don't buy the argument put forward by some government officials that it doesn't matter." One of the government's standard lines is that even if an agreement were in place, Hibernia would not be developed any sooner because world oil prices are low.

Fagan says the negative effects of the jurisdictional dispute on business go beyond the dollar: It's eroding everyone's confidence. Two years ago, even the mention of 1.8 billion barrels of recoverable oil offshore started cash registers ringing. Now businessmen just shrug their shoulders when asked about production dates.

"Who would have predicted eight years ago," Fagan says, "that the Tar sands would never be developed, that Beaufort reserves would be too expensive to extract or that there would be a major oil discovery off the coast of California? Anything can happen, and we can't afford to wait." — **Bonnie Woodworth**



Peter Trueman's not just another pretty face

In Ontario, the New Brunswick-born anchorman for Global TV news is as famous as Knowlton Nash. If his dream of a national all-news TV network in Canada comes true, his fame may spread to the folks back home

By Dean Jobb

The tall man at the podium isn't familiar to the audience in the lecture hall at Mount Allison University, as he would be to thousands of television viewers in southern Ontario. But they know who he is. Peter Trueman, the New Brunswick-born anchorman of Ontario's Global Television Network news, is back home, among friends, and he knows it.

"I was going to begin with a sort of a biographical sketch to give you some idea of my prejudices and my concerns," he tells his audience, "but as I look around the room I realize that is needless. Some of you here know more about my background than I do."

At 48, Trueman is as well known to TV news watchers in central Canada as the CBC's Knowlton Nash or CTV's Harvey Kirck and Lloyd Robertson are

to the rest of the country. He's also an outspoken commentator on the state of Canadian TV news broadcasting. Three years ago, in a book called *Smoke and Mirrors*, an inside look at the industry, based on his own experience, he offered what he called "one man's clenched-fist salute to the crap merchants who dominate Canadian television, public and private."

Tonight, in Sackville, he's still concerned. "Unless you're very lucky in this business," he says, "what you find yourself producing most of the time is what can only be dispassionately described as adequate broadcasting." Public broadcasting, he believes, is our only defence against a flood of American programs and the ideas and values they reflect. He'd like to see the CBC do a better job by offering more original, high-quality Canadian productions. For

40 minutes he punches his ideas home in the terse, succinct style of the TV newsman he is.

Born on Christmas Day, 1934, Trueman is a descendant of the Truemans who left their native Yorkshire in 1775 to settle the marshlands of the Chignecto Isthmus in southeastern New Brunswick. His father, Albert, taught English at Mount Allison and served as president of both the University of Manitoba and the University of New Brunswick. He later held the chairmanship of the National Film Board, and when the Canada Council was created in the late Fifties, Albert Trueman became its first director.

His son got the first taste of what would become his life's work in the junior year of a bachelor of arts degree at UNB. "The college paper, *The Brunswickan*, needed a sports editor," he says, "and in desperation, I was offered the job." He was hooked. He switched to Carleton University in Ottawa for his senior year, then quit school in the spring of 1955 to become a reporter for the *Ottawa Journal*.

"He was regarded as a really talented young reporter," recalls writer Harry Bruce, who began his career at the *Journal* at about the same time as Trueman. "He was one of the really bright guys on the staff."

He was also going places. After a few months Trueman went over to the *Montreal Star* and soon became a columnist and United Nations correspondent based in New York. By the early Sixties he was an international affairs columnist for Canada-Wide Features, covering the Kennedy and Johnson administrations from Washington. He served in the Ottawa bureau of the *Toronto Star*, then, in 1968, decided to try his hand at television as a writer for the CBC national news.

Within a year, Trueman became executive producer of *The National*. But his six years at the Corporation weren't happy ones. As a producer and later chief of the network's news and information programming division, he felt hamstrung by internal squabbles and poor union-management relations. Today, he's still convinced that one of the fundamental problems at the CBC is "an excess of bureaucracy" and too little emphasis on programming.

When his longtime friend and colleague Bill Cunningham was setting up the news service of the fledgling Global Network in 1973, Trueman signed on, first as a reporter and then, by the time of the first newscast in January, 1974, as anchorman. Except for a break during 1977, when he left to become a co-host of the short-lived *CTV Reports* news show, Trueman has remained Global's man on camera.

His style is distinctive. At six-foot-five, his tall, angular figure adds weight and authority to every word he speaks. Author and journalist Jack Batten once described him as "not just another pretty face. Trueman's is a face that's solemn, controlled, hardly glamorous but hinting at underlying, understated passions. . ."

"I'm a kind of aberration among anchormen," Trueman admits. "I can't imagine I would ever be popular in the United States. I'm not the conventional picture [of an anchorman] at all — either in terms of looks, or delivery, or opinions, or anything else."

What he is, is credible. "He's got the kind of believability every newscaster in Canada wants," says Barbara Frum, longtime host of the CBC Radio program *As It Happens* and now a principal on CBC TV's nightly news magazine *The Journal*. "You get the feeling he's really thought about what he's saying." As for his on-camera appearance, "he's not beautiful," she acknowledges, "but he's real."

Unlike his counterparts on the other television networks, Trueman readily expresses his personal opinions on the day's events, and the network brass at Global lets him exercise complete editorial freedom. At the end of each newscast he delivers a brief commentary on some

topical issue, concluding with the phrase "that's not news but that, too, is reality," a line that has become his trademark.

The commentary "keeps me sane, because it gives me an outlet," he says. "If I just had to sit there and read the stuff straight, without ever betraying that I do have human feelings, I think I'd go nuts." Is the commentary simply an opportunity for Trueman to blow off steam? "He's not a hothead," Frum says. "He always does it with great dignity and reserve."

Self-control isn't just something Trueman turns on for the cameras. In *Smoke and Mirrors* he described television news as "a vicious, incestuous, all-consuming business," but he has kept his private life separate from his work. Over the years, he has given up many of the more exciting perks of a TV journalist's trade in exchange for a healthier lifestyle and a stable home life. During the early Seventies he swore off booze, kicked the cigarette habit (he still smokes a pipe), took up jogging, and became active in the United Church. The integrity he projects as a newsman is an extension of his off-air personality.

Rigid discipline helps Trueman survive the rugged work schedule attached to anchoring two newscasts a night, five days a week. He arrives at the studio by 11 a.m., having already brought himself up to date on events by listening to the news on CBC Radio and reading *The Globe and Mail*. Until early afternoon he returns phone calls, attends to the mail, and begins to put together the evening commentary.

"Some days it's on my mind when I wake up in the morning and reinforced by what I've seen in the *Globe*," he says. "Other days I'm still sitting there as late as half past five without any idea what I'm going to say at five to seven."


He's also managing editor of Global's news service, which means sifting through the wire copy, film feeds from the American networks and files from his own reporters to make up the format of the newscast. If there's time, Trueman will even write a few story introductions himself. Then it's off to makeup, an hour of news at six, out for a quick dinner and back to the studio to do it all over again at 11 o'clock.

"It's a long day," he says. But lucrative. His salary is reportedly over \$100,000 a year.

"There are times when I think I'd be a hell of a lot happier with a much simpler kind of job, maybe not in television at all," Trueman says. "Maybe teaching journalism, maybe doing a little freelance magazine writing."

Would he like to be back in his native region? "Yes, I would." But there are advantages to living and working in Toronto. "I suppose in a sense the professional action is what interests me. You're not as likely here [in the Maritimes] to get the kind of programming budget you need to do a good newscast."

There are also family considerations. "The difficulty with coming back to the Maritimes is that, after 20 years, your life tends to be built 'up there.'" His parents are now retired in Toronto and "I couldn't desert them," he says. Two of his three children have also settled in Ontario.

Besides, Trueman has other challenges in mind. As he wrote in a guest column in *Maclean's* magazine last fall, an all-news television network should soon be a reality in Canada, and he would like to be part of it. If he is, television viewers in Atlantic Canada may soon get a look at what's kept Global's viewers coming back for more over the past eight years. 

Up coming in Atlantic Insight

**Ganong's:
The sweet
smell of success
from a New Brunswick
candy factory**

**Travel:
The two faces
— and lifestyles —
of Berlin**

**Country Music:
In Atlantic Canada,
those good, good
sounds are here to
stay**



MacNeill's papers win more than their share of awards

Jim MacNeill: The Island's (friendly) watchdog

As an outspoken critic of the Island's establishment, this stubborn, independent Scot turned a mimeographed rag into a small publishing empire. And it's producing some of the best journalism in the region. MacNeill's such a success, in fact, people are starting to see him as (horrors) a pillar of the community

By Stephen Kimber

As Arnold Wightman trained his hose on a particularly stubborn lick of flame, he caught a glimpse of Jim MacNeill scurrying out of the burning building. Again. For the past hour, MacNeill had been carrying bundles of papers from his newspaper office, desperately trying to save what he could. His face was black with soot, but Wightman could see plainly the dejection in his eyes.

Besides being a volunteer fireman, Wightman was town clerk in Montague, P.E.I., and the owner of one of its Main

Street grocery stores. He was as much a certifiable member of the local business and political establishment as Jim MacNeill was a meddling outsider.

MacNeill, a Scot who'd moved to Montague three years earlier, was the editor, publisher and just about everything else at *The Eastern Graphic*, a feisty weekly newspaper that was earning a reputation for raking Island political muck and for disturbing its most important and powerful citizens.

Many of the things MacNeill said in his paper made Arnold Wightman's

blood boil. But Jim MacNeill himself. . . . Well, that was another story.

"Going to bring out the rag next week?" Wightman demanded gruffly as MacNeill hurried back into the building.

"What?" MacNeill paused, considered. The building had been gutted, the press would be useless. "Ah, I hope so."

"Good, good," Wightman said quickly. "I just want to make sure you get the store's advertising in, that's all. Put us down for whatever you need."

That fire happened 16 years ago, but it remains a useful starting point to understand how Jim MacNeill turned a newspaperman's whim and saved, borrowed and begged \$5,000 into an incredibly successful small business. Today, MacNeill is not only the editor and publisher of *The Eastern Graphic*, one of Atlantic Canada's most admired weeklies, but ditto for *The West Prince Graphic*, his two-year-old weekly for readers at the other end of Prince Edward Island, *The Island Farmer*, his biweekly for P.E.I.'s agricultural community, and *Vacation Times*, his summer weekly for tourists. He has 11 full-time and three part-time employees in Montague, and a three-person bureau in

Alberton to put out *The West Prince Graphic*.

For MacNeill, that commercial success is simply the byproduct — and a not always entirely welcome one at that, he will tell you — of putting out a good newspaper. In a region where weekly newspapers are often journalistically more vigorous and interesting than their daily competition, MacNeill's papers are among the best of a good lot. They win far more than their fair share of journalistic awards: In 1981, for example, MacNeill's newest publication, *The West Prince Graphic*, swept six of seven top prizes, including the one for best all-round newspaper, in its circulation category in the Atlantic Better Newspaper Competition, then copped two more awards, including best all-round paper again, in a national competition among community weeklies.

"*The Graphic*," says Don Cayo, journalism director at Charlottetown's Holland College, "has the diggingest newsroom on the island. I don't know how many times I've listened to a radio newscast and heard, '*The Graphic* says....' It gets people talking about things they wouldn't talk about otherwise. I guess that's why it's a paper which has such tremendously strong supporters and detractors."

The story of the fire offers an important clue in solving the mystery of how MacNeill's newspaper could kick around so many sacred cows and still emerge alive and kicking itself, while the other, more ambitious alternative papers — such as Halifax's *The 4th Estate* and Charlottetown's *Square Deal* — published and perished.

The clue is Jim MacNeill, a gentle, 47-year-old teddy bear of a man who is as personally affable as his newspapers can be professionally argumentative. He is — as his friends and even most of his adversaries agree — almost impossible to dislike. At least for long.

"He's completely genuine," says his friend Marian Bruce, an Island-born magazine editor. "He doesn't do things for effect. And the newspaper is the same way. It really is an extension of his personality."

MacNeill's personality is an odd mix of the engaging and — to use one of his own favorite words — the persnickiness. And even when he's in the middle of one of his more-than-occasional tirades on one of his more than a few pet peeves — when, as Bruce says, "there's no arguing with him" — there's still a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

It's not that he doesn't care about his subjects. He does. Passionately. Get him going on social insurance numbers, for example, and he'll fill up the best part of an angry hour without stopping for breath. MacNeill believes that SINs are now being used as ID cards in direct contradiction to then Prime Minister Lester Pearson's promise when he introduced them in the Sixties. He feels so strongly about this, he buys his own insulin for

his diabetes rather than produce the required social insurance number to get a free supply of medicine provided by Medicare. His kids' report cards are another sore point. All Island children get SIN cards at birth as part of an experimental federal-provincial program launched during the Sixties — "The federal government loved Prince Edward Island," MacNeill says pointedly, "because we were the perfect size for their experiment" — and even their report cards have the SIN written on them. MacNeill won't sign them. "It's embarrassing for the kids," he admits, "but somebody's got to say it isn't right."

Jim MacNeill, not to put too fine a point on it, doesn't like authority. If it's possible, he likes hypocrisy even less. Several times a year, MacNeill puts together a collage of liquor advertising from mainland newspapers and magazines that are on sale on the Island. He then cheekily publishes the collage in his papers to illustrate his editorial blast at the provincial government for its inanity in forbidding P.E.I. publications to carry the ads. Lest anyone get the idea that MacNeill's concern is simply publisher's self-interested greed, he has also publicly pledged to turn over any profit

his newspapers make from liquor advertising to charity if the government changes the law. "It's the principle of the thing," he insists.

Jim MacNeill is a principled man. But he's also fair. And friendly. Says his wife, Shirley: "He'll criticize somebody in the paper, but when he sees that person on the street, he'll just smile and say, 'Hello, nice day.' He wears them down. He's a hard person to hold a grudge against."

"He's difficult to stay mad at for long," agrees Arnold Wightman, who eventually became Montague's mayor and, thus, a regular MacNeill editorial target. "He's never vindictive. He says what he thinks, but you always know he'll be picking on someone else next week."

When MacNeill roasted Walter Shaw's Tory government for its blatant vote-buying on the eve of a crucial provincial byelection in 1966, Shaw was so incensed he refused to speak to MacNeill afterward. With good reason. His editorial helped topple his government. But Shaw eventually forgave MacNeill, and even agreed to become a columnist for *The Island Farmer*. His price: A bottle of scotch per column, which MacNeill had



At work on *The Graphic*. He loves to kick sacred cows

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

COVER STORY

to promise to deliver personally, then stay and help him consume.

MacNeill's relationship with Alex Campbell, Shaw's Liberal successor, was also schizophrenic. *The Graphic* regularly attacked aspects of the P.E.I. Development Plan, the experimental federal-provincial economic program that was the Campbell government's proudest achievement, as an unwanted intrusion in Island lives. And when the government hired a host of outside consultants to conduct crucial studies relating to it, *The Graphic* quickly pricked the air out of that self-important balloon with a cheeky series called "Consultant of the Week."

Even so, when some of MacNeill's supporters threw a surprise party to celebrate *The Graphic's* 10th anniversary, Campbell himself sent a telegram praising the paper as "a careful watchdog of the provincial government."

MacNeill's watchdogging style, in fact, almost spoiled the party. A week before what was supposed to be a surprise party, MacNeill ran into two of the organizers in the post office. Both were prominent Liberals, and one was carrying bundles of letters on the letterhead of a local motel. MacNeill, the muckraking journalist, concluded they must be mailing out Liberal party literature on motel stationery so people would open it instead of throwing it in the garbage. He pursued his quarry with his usual determination, but "got the coldest shoulder I've ever gotten from anyone." He later learned the envelopes contained invitations to his surprise party.

At the party itself, MacNeill was embarrassed again to admit the paper due off the presses that night contained an editorial blasting Arnold Wightman, the chairman and one of the organizers of the celebration.

But, of course, that was exactly the reason they were celebrating. "Deep down," Arnold Wightman confides, "I don't think Islanders mind a prod now and again."

Jim MacNeill didn't really intend to become a prod when he decided to start his own paper. He just didn't want to move from Charlottetown to Summerside.

In fact, MacNeill, who'd been born in 1936 on the island of Barra in the Scottish Hebrides and then scuffled through a series of odd jobs in Toronto after immigrating to Canada in 1958, never intended to be in P.E.I. at all. He had planned to move to British Columbia because the weather sounded better there, but then he met Shirley Nicholson, a Charlottetown girl working in Toronto. "We came back to Charlottetown in 1960 to get married," MacNeill says matter-of-factly, "and naturally, I convinced her we should stay."

MacNeill landed a job as a Charlotte-town-based ad salesman for the Sum-

merside *Journal-Pioneer*, then branched out into news reporting and photography. "The advantage of working in what was a one-man bureau for a small paper," MacNeill says today, "is that you were able to do anything you wanted."

But neither MacNeill nor his wife wanted to move to Summerside when the paper promoted him to a full-time reporting job there in late 1963. "As soon as I arrived, they sent me off to cover a railway hearing in Alberton, so I had three days by myself there to decide what to do."

He decided to do what almost every newspaperman worth his press badge dreams of at one time or another: Start his own paper. He picked peaceful Montague, a once important Island shipping

pauses, considers. "You should really talk to Shirley about the hard times. I was busy being an optimist and running the paper. She was the one who kept it together."

Shirley MacNeill had encouraged her husband to pursue his newspapering dream, but she admits now she hadn't really thought it would work. She never said so, of course. Not even on Wednesday afternoons, when their house became the paper's bundling centre and pickup depot. "A ton and a half of paper dumped in our hall every week! And the dust! Did you know that newsprint is covered with dust? Neither did I." But she didn't complain, merely shooed the kids into the living room, instructed them to play nicely, closed the door and proceeded to help Jim bundle papers.



Sharing ■ joke with Island neighbors Angus McGowan (left) and Kennie Macdonald

centre of 1,800 that still served as a farm service centre for people at the eastern end of P.E.I. He'd covered stories there and been convinced P.E.I.'s three city-based dailies couldn't possibly give the interesting little community the attention it deserved. On Dec. 11, 1963, two and a half weeks after he quit the *Journal-Pioneer*, MacNeill proudly arrived in Montague with the first 2,000 copies of *The Eastern Graphic*.

MacNeill laughs when he looks at a copy of that first issue today. It was stapled together and the headlines were drawn by hand. The early years weren't easy: The paper survived two fires, many incarnations (including one on stationery-sized sheets when it was billed as "Canada's Smallest Newspaper"), and the skepticism of almost everyone in town. "Most people gave us anywhere from three weeks to six months," MacNeill says.

"We never starved," he adds, "but it was nip and tuck sometimes." He

(As they got older, the five kids also pitched in to help with the paper; even now, the two still at home "have their assigned jobs at the paper on Monday and Tuesday nights.") "Jim was so determined, so stubborn you couldn't not help," Shirley says now.

And she never suggested he find a more lucrative line of work either, even on those too many Saturdays when he came back with a piddling few dollars to show for a day collecting from advertisers. Shirley joked to friends she prepared three grocery lists every week — a first of what they really needed; a second, deleting what they could do without; and a final, much shorter list reflecting what they actually had to spend. Once, Jim came back with \$3.61. Shirley used it to buy powdered milk, hamburger and bread.

But they survived. And there was always a dollar for a babysitter and a dollar or two more for a few beers at the Legion on Wednesday nights, after the

kids and the paper were both put to bed.

From the beginning, *The Graphic* was controversial. MacNeill had barely launched it when he got into trouble for his coverage of a local hockey game. A coach leaned over the boards and grabbed an opposing player by the hair, and the game turned into a brawl as fans and players traded punches and obscenities in front of an audience of children. In his next issue, MacNeill wrote a withering editorial about the incident. Shocked less by the event itself than by the fact their new weekly newspaper would actually write about such real community happenings, many readers replied with outraged letters and some businesses cancelled their ads.

"I wasn't thinking about coming up with exposés or anything like that in the beginning," MacNeill says today. "That happened accidentally. I just set out to do one local story a week that no one else

minedly, proudly parochial — "If an atomic bomb blew up in Charlottetown, that wouldn't interest us; we'd cover the fallout in Montague" — but his willingness to tackle issues the Island's other media ignored made it must reading from the very beginning for Charlottetown politicians and bureaucrats. Even today, with CBC radio and television outlets finally helping bear part of the journalistic load *The Graphic* used to carry alone, about a third of the paper's 6,000 circulation is still in Charlottetown.

That may also be because MacNeill's papers, like MacNeill himself, are more interested in people than things. And they're fun to read. They mix eclectic, opinionated columnists with occasional scoops, human interest stories and MacNeill's own lively editorials. Sometimes, there's even a surprise feature. In the first issue, MacNeill

like. MacNeill, who's just completed a two-year stint as president of the Atlantic Community Newspapers' Association, even has time to work on some larger projects: He's putting together a book of story ideas for weekly newspaper editors and working on something that may turn into a historical novel about the Island.

In many ways, it's an ideal life.


Jim and Shirley MacNeill and the kids still at home — the three oldest attend the University of P.E.I. — live in a huge, comfortable, old house high on a hill overlooking the town and the Montague River. His office is a few minutes' walk from the house. He's even taken up golf for relaxation and exercise. Wherever he goes in Montague, people wave and call him by his first name. ("Jim called," the desk clerk at the Lobster Shanty Motel says casually when I check in. "Just to see you got in OK. Want me to call him for you?") Despite years of spurning offers to join service clubs or run for office because that might compromise his journalistic independence and integrity, MacNeill has become, almost by accident, a member in good standing of his local community establishment, a pillar of Montague society.

The very thought makes him nervous. "That publisher-as-a-pillar-of-the-community stuff disturbs me," he says earnestly. He would rather discuss the lawsuit the local police are threatening because of one recent story — "I was really expecting a registered letter about that in today's mail," he says with obvious disappointment. Or the buzzsaw of hostility he aroused with a recent column urging readers to give to any charity but the Canadian Cancer Society because the society wasn't using enough of the money it had already raised as a result of the various Terry Fox campaigns.

Despite that, some people think *The Graphic* has changed. "Jim probably wouldn't admit this, but I think he's mellowed," Montague pharmacist Justin McNeill, a longtime friend and supporter, suggests. "You don't read the paper expecting to find a scandal every week anymore. They still come up with good stories, but it's harder to sustain. I think it's just part of being successful."

Will success spoil *The Graphic*?

Jim MacNeill doesn't answer. Something outside his office window has caught his attention. He bounces up from the chair, hurries out into the newsroom. When he returns a few minutes later, he apologizes. He'd noticed a tractor-trailer truck loaded with lumber driving out of town, he explains. There was a nearby government-assisted mill that went out of business after the last provincial election, and it's just possible, he suggests, that someone is trying to spirit the lumber out of the province in some scam or other. He just had to make sure one of his reporters was checking it out. Now, what was the question again?

Somehow, it seemed, the question had answered itself. 



Jim and Shirley MacNeill at the Lobster Shanty: The hard times are over

was doing. Sometimes those stories would get picked up by other media and that helped get the word out that we were around."

We are sitting in MacNeill's current office in a comfortable, rambling old Main Street building that used to serve as the town hall, fire hall, library and jail. "The darkroom," MacNeill says with a grin, "used to be the jail."

It is a Friday, traditionally a slow day at a weekly newspaper, and MacNeill is going through his mail. "Here, have a look at this," he says in a gentle Scottish accent, passing over an unsigned letter and a plain white envelope. The letter asks bluntly: "Any truth to the rumor that the author of the Nutbrown Report on Reorganization wrote out his resignation (a monthly occurrence when he was in agriculture) when some of his cabinet colleagues dared to question its contents?" MacNeill gets such tips regularly. He files this one for future reference.

MacNeill's newspapers are deter-

couldn't identify one of the subjects in a photo. Rather than drop it, he started what turned into a long-running feature: "Spot Your Neighbor."

"If we miss an event, that doesn't bother me," he says flatly. "Town council meets once a month, but town affairs go on every —" He pauses. Smiles. "Maybe we shouldn't use the word affairs. Let's just say activities. Town activities are going all the time. I try to tell our people: Look at everything you hear and see around you. That's news. If we're different as a newspaper, that's why. And if that's why, then I'm happy about it."

Today, of course, MacNeill no longer has to do all the jobs at his newspapers. "What I like about the way things are now," he says, "is that I can do what I want — short stories that interest me or take photos — and get somebody else to do the things, like working in the darkroom or collecting the bills, that I don't

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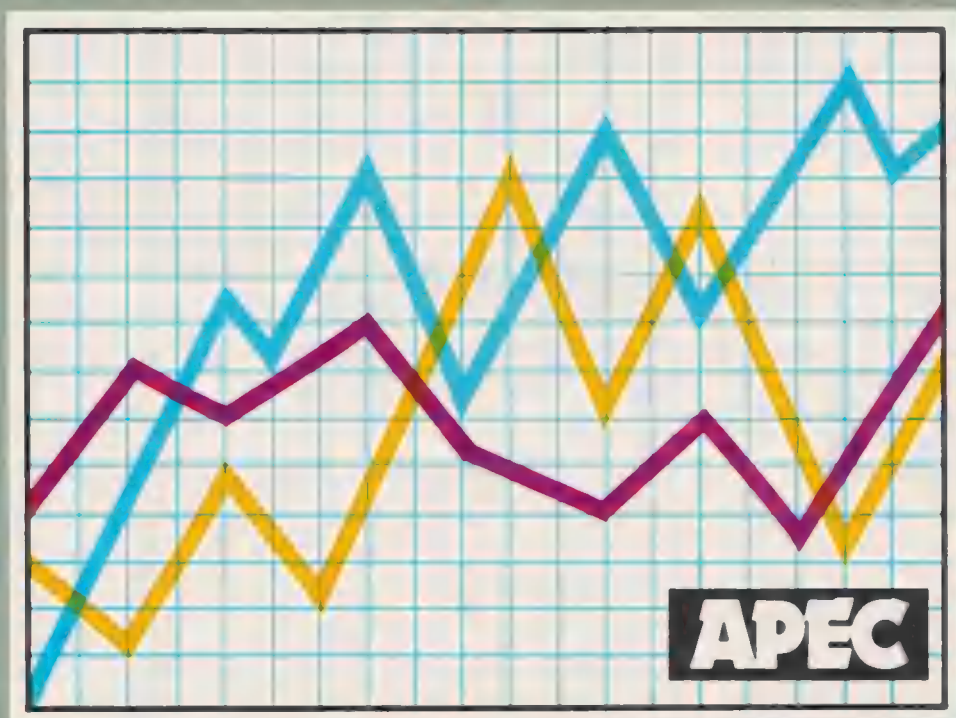
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SPECIAL
PULL-OUT SECTION

Atlantic Perspective

**A year-end review of
economic conditions in 1982
with an outlook for 1983
and beyond, prepared by
the Atlantic Provinces
Economic Council.**



The Atlantic Economy:

APEC
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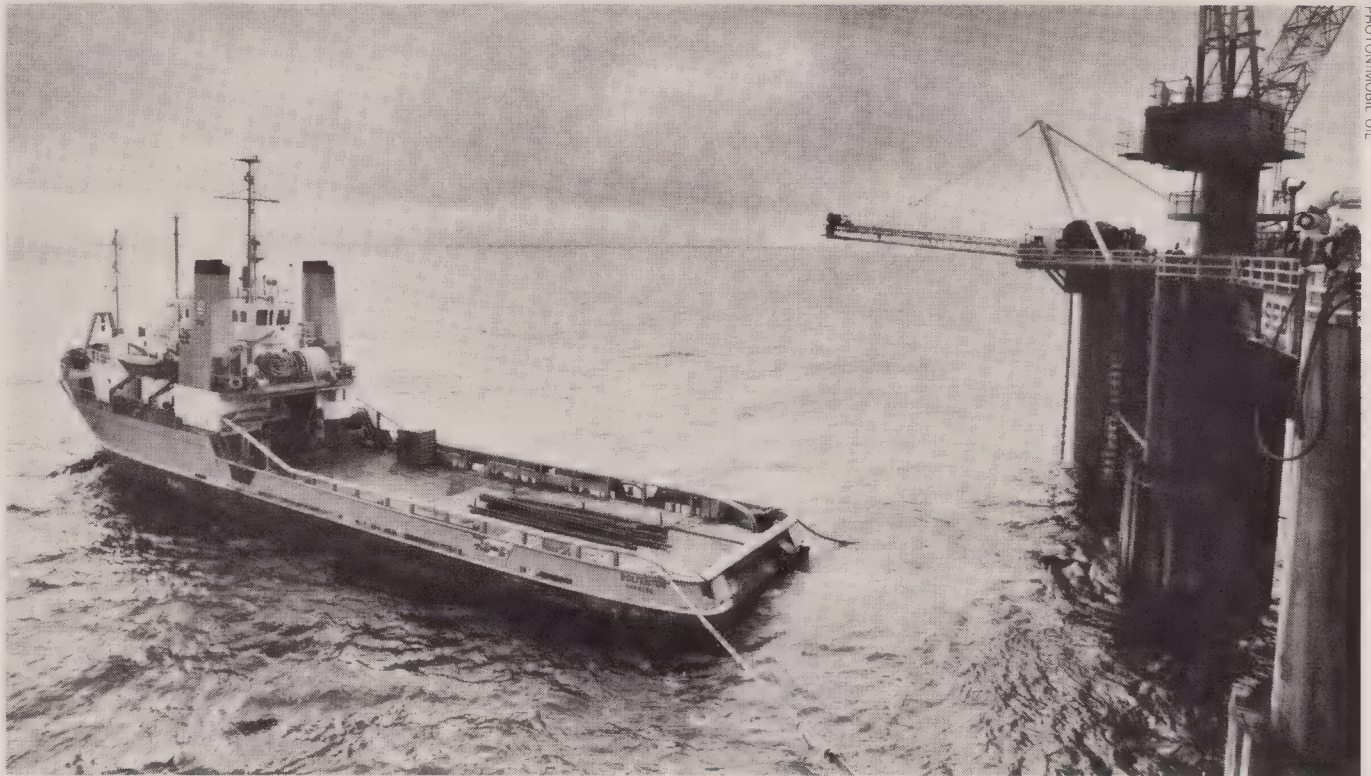


PHOTO: MOBIL OIL

Hindsight on 1982

The Atlantic region is currently facing tough, but interesting, times. On the one hand, there is great potential from offshore oil and gas development and other energy projects. On the other hand, the current recession is creating severe problems for business, labour, governments and others. Our ability to survive this current period and maximize future benefits will depend on a wide variety of factors.

The Atlantic provinces have traditionally been, and continue to be, a slow growth region of Canada. Despite efforts to encourage the growth of an industrial base, progress has been slow. Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick have seen significant growth in the manufacturing sector, but in none of the provinces has this growth been sufficient to meet the need for employment. Emigration from the region has thus characterized most of the post-war period.

Historically, the Atlantic region, with the ocean on its doorstep and access to world markets, was a major exporter of primary products, such as salt fish and lumber. In the last 40 years this pattern has changed somewhat. The primary industries have lost importance relative to the regional economy, while growth has occurred in the manufacturing, construction and service sectors. Much of our manufacturing strength is tied, however, to the resource base of the region; for example, pulp and paper and frozen food

products. Our reliance on the resource industries and on the service sector, much of which operate on a largely seasonal basis, means that we tend to have relatively low wages, and prolonged high unemployment.

At present, the recession is taking its toll of the region. Unemployment is high and still rising. Bankruptcies are at all-time record levels. Some provincial governments, such as Nova Scotia, have cut back heavily on their expenditures to restrict their borrowing in external financial markets. Gross domestic product is expected to decline in real terms in all provinces by at least 2 per cent in 1982. Some sectors and localities are affected much worse than others.

The heavy reliance on forestry in New Brunswick (about 20 per cent of its

APEC

The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council is an independent, non-profit, non-partisan research institute which has given commentary on, and analysis of, the Atlantic economy since 1953. This supplement represents the latest in a series of annual reviews of conditions in the Atlantic region.

In its role as educator, advocate and

critic, APEC also undertakes other publishing enterprises, including regular Newsletters (eight times a year) and quarterly reports (four times a year). These publications are available by subscription to APEC. Occasional publications summarize extensive research into topics of immediate or deep concern to Atlantic Canadians. APEC is almost unique in the region in being able to speak for the entire region, and provide a unifying voice.

If you enjoy this supplement you may be interested in more details both about the Council itself and subscribing to its services. Call or write:

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total provincial output) means that the current reduction in demand for both pulp and paper is affecting certain areas very badly. Unemployment is estimated to be as high as 40 per cent in parts of the Northeast. Poor potato prices and fewer tourists this year in Prince Edward Island mean output could drop by 3 per cent. Newfoundland's three major industries (pulp and paper, iron ore and the fishery) are all encountering difficulties. Unemployment in this province, at 19 per cent, is the worst in the region, and the outlook is extremely gloomy.

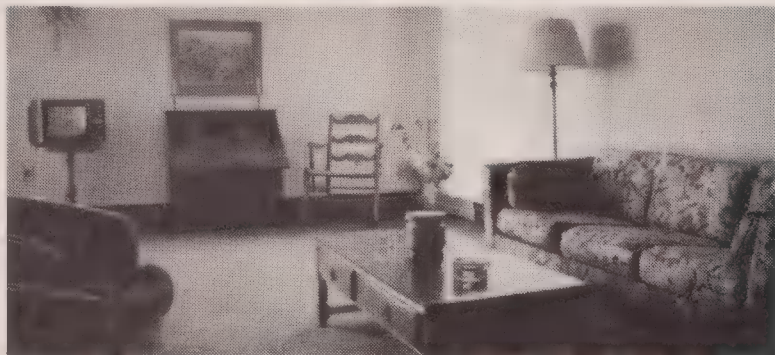
Only Nova Scotia, with its relatively more diversified economy and the prospects of development of the Venture natural gas field, has a trace of the enthusiasm that prevailed in the region two years ago. Even here, this is largely confined to certain parts of the province, such as Halifax-Dartmouth and the Strait of Canso. In other locales, rising unemployment and continuing layoffs give little reason for optimism.

Rather than becoming mired in gloomy statistics and events which presently permeate the media, the region should be looking for lessons from the current situations to prepare for the years ahead. Certainly, there seems to be an increasing appreciation among people in the region that we cannot put all our eggs in one basket, that it is unrealistic to expect one big project (such as offshore development) to provide a solution to all the region's economic problems. This is not to underestimate the enormous potential benefits of such a series of projects, but only to warn that we should not get too carried away by our enthusiasm and overlook other sectors that also warrant attention. Especially at this time, we need to think about new strategies to promote and accommodate industrial growth around the region.

Maritimers and Newfoundlanders alike are perhaps more suited to weather the current economic storm than other Canadians. The region's long history of hard times has forced us to be resourceful and wily, able to turn our backs on the squalls that blow up rather than be bowled over by them. This should stand us in good stead for the period of slow adjustment and recovery over the next few months.

The articles in this supplement have been prepared by the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council to review the happenings of the past 12 months, and to provide an outlook for the next year. They reflect the diversity in the region, and should provide fascinating reading for anyone interested in the regional economy. As with other exercises of this kind, however, there is a lag between preparation of the articles and their actual publication. This supplement was submitted for publication on November 15 last; the information reflects the best of APEC's knowledge to that date. Subsequent events, however...

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Is the worst over?

Over the last few years, no other economic indicator has received as much public attention as interest rates. They have become the chief weapon used to fight inflation both in Canada and in the United States. The policy is based on the assumption that we can influence total expenditure in an economy by manipulating rates, which then influences the amount of money in circulation, and thereby regulates inflation by increasing or decreasing the amount of money available to be spent. The total amount of money available to consumers and businesses through banks and other lending institutions is the key to this process. The overall aim of the Bank of Canada is to allow growth of the money supply only in line with the growth of industrial output. This, in theory, would avoid the inflationary problem of recent years when too much money has been chasing too few goods and services.

The theory involves several uncertainties, such as the time period required for effective action before high interest rates themselves contribute to inflation. There is also the undesirable effect of reduced demand on industrial output, with the likelihood of layoffs, plant closures and business failures. In this respect, the fight against inflation involves a direct trade-off in terms of jobs and investments of time and money.

The total effect in Canada has been complicated enormously by ripples from similar policies in the United States. The two economies are so closely tied to each other that interest rates must move in step to prevent capital outflows from one to the other; usually capital will flow towards the higher interest rates with subsequent pressures on exchange rates. In fact, there has had to be a substantial premium on Canadian rates to prevent undue runs on the Canadian dollar in favour of American funds. The exchange rate ramifications of an interest rate-based monetary policy, therefore, can also be undesirable.

By the middle of 1982, short-term rates in Canada started a downward slide

due mainly to a reduction in the American inflation rate. The Canadian inflation rate has not performed as well, and still remains quite high. A big change of direction in American policy, however, is a first essential step to economic recovery around the world. Lower interest rates in the United States are expected to persist and even get lower over time. This reduction will probably not be smooth, however, particularly in light of huge federal deficits anticipated on both sides of the border. This will be felt in particular if private sector demand for credit picks up.

Lower interest rates will be most welcome in Atlantic Canada. Consumer spending is sharply down from year-earlier levels, and the region relies to a great degree on retail sales to fuel overall economic growth. Most recent figures on retail sales indicate a mixture of trends in the region, but in no case is any increase close to corresponding rates of inflation. Sales of new motor vehicles and other higher-priced durables (such as appliances) are still significantly below earlier levels.

Lower interest rates around the world can only benefit the Atlantic economy, as most of its major markets are outside the region. Consumers and businessmen, however, have been severely burnt by events of the last 18 months, and their expectations of the future are correspondingly extremely cautious. Recovery in the United States may pick up speed by mid-1983, but it will be a while before the effects of this reach Atlantic Canada.



DAVID NICHOLS

Agriculture:

APEC
Atlantic Canada '83

High costs, uncertain prices

The five-yearly profile of the Atlantic agricultural sector, as revealed by the 1981 census, indicates the industry as a whole is structurally sound. After decades of decline, the 1970s seem to be a watershed of sorts, and the region's farmers are increasingly competitive in a number of markets. Although the number of farms is still declining (there were less than 13,000 in 1981 compared to a little over 17,000 in 1971), the rate of decline in numbers has slowed significantly. The total area in farms went down from a little more than 1.4 million ha to just over 1.2 million ha, but within this total the area of improved land increased from 560,000 ha to 583,000 ha. This land tended to be concentrated in larger farms (an average size of 94 ha, up from 83 ha in 1971), and indicates a more intensive use of a generally good land resource. Particularly encouraging also is the fact that the average age of farmers seems to be going down; less than 30 per cent were under 45 years old in 1971, but more than 40 per cent were in this age bracket in 1981.

This generally robust state of health

is, however, all but obscured by concerns over present circumstances. In common with many other small enterprises, farm bankruptcies are up, and prospects of increases in realized net income during 1982 are slim. Demand for food tends to

align closely with overall economic performance, and recession usually means people buy less, waste less, eat out less, or grow more in gardens. This reduced demand must affect the farmer's income, particularly as costs continue to increase steeply.

The effects of increasing costs can be seen throughout the industry in Atlantic Canada. Beef producers have liqui-



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dated large parts of their herds because of the expense of bringing an animal from calf to slaughter. High interest rates have delayed any rebuilding of these herds. Potato growers face higher and higher planting costs and widely fluctuating markets. This may account in part for the reluctant approval in principle given by growers to an Eastern Canada Potato Marketing Agency administered by the federal government. Dairy farmers have for long been sheltered from increasing costs by a pricing system for their products which reflects costs of production. For the next two years, these price increases will not exceed federal six-and-five guidelines, a development made worse by a broadly declining demand for dairy products as the school-age population contracts. Similar restrictions will apply to egg prices.

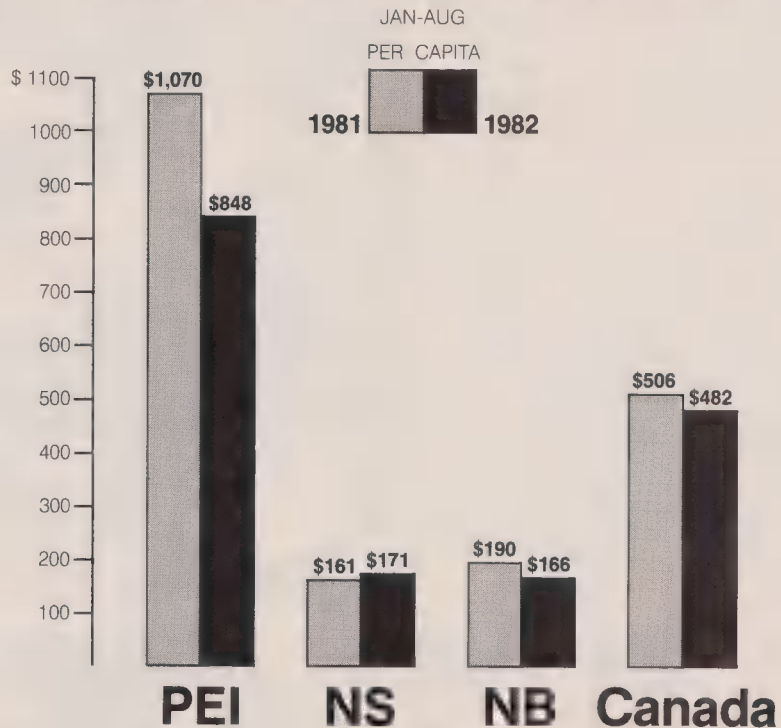
Maritime farm cash receipts were generally down in 1982, partly because 1981 receipts were abnormally high after excellent potato prices paid for the 1980 crop during the early part of 1981. Receipts for the 1981 crop are much more average, and initial signs are that the 1982 crop will bring more trying times for growers in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia's farmers, with a much lower reliance on any one farm commodity, have increased receipts in 1982. Hog and cattle farmers benefited from generally higher prices during the year, although these declined in the second half. There is some strength expected in these prices over the next 12 months or so, especially as the regional cattle herd is reduced.

Cash crops other than potatoes have done well in 1982. The strawberry and blueberry harvests were excellent, as was the Annapolis Valley apple crop. Peaches and plums, however, were largely destroyed by particularly severe weather last winter. Grain yields were healthy without being spectacular, and the high-value tobacco crop was expected to benefit from higher prices caused by frost-kill of a third of the Ontario crop.

Problems, some enormously complex, remain for Atlantic farmers. In the aftermath of the latest potato war between Canadian and American growers, there are the prospects of trade restrictions by the Americans. There is much uncertainty surrounding proposed changes to the Crowsnest Pass freight rates and their effects on eastern agriculture. Costs of production continue to increase and erode net returns. Markets shrink, and competition from other parts of North America intensifies.

All of this demonstrates the many-sided and complex situations facing farmers and food processors. Simplification is tempting but dangerous. In the end, the weather during the growing season tends to override most other things as farmers do what they do best; produce food at a reasonable cost to the consumer. ■

FARM CASH RECEIPTS



Source: Statistics Canada

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The Fishery:

The gospel according to Kirby

In January, 1982, the Prime Minister announced that a Task Force to study the troubled Atlantic fishery was to be set up with Dr. Michael Kirby, fresh from a successful role in the repatriation of the Canadian Constitution, as its chairman. Preliminary statistics appearing at that time confirmed that 1981 was a disastrous year for this important part of the Atlantic economy.

A variety of problems contributed to this poor showing, such as high interest rates, high inventories, undiversified export markets and sluggish prices. The Atlantic fishery also carries an additional burden in the form of a complex array of structural problems. These include stock problems (both gluts and shortages), crushing and occasionally inconsistent regulations, overcapitalization, uncontrolled expansion of effort, problems of managing a common property resource, confusion between economic and social goals, quality and marketing problems, and the different goals of divergent interest groups.

Given the abundance of problems and the dim prospects for the medium term, the appointment of the Task Force was not entirely unexpected. More than 100 meetings with fisheries interest groups in the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, a survey of 110 processing plants, and another of 1,300 randomly selected fishermen were conducted. The distribution of an "Issues and Options" paper by the Task Force reflected the group's concern about covering all the issues and presenting all the options. The consensus at the time of its release and at 15 subsequent meetings with concerned groups was that, although many points were contentious, all the bases were covered.

The Task Force's final report was awaited as this supplement went to press. The fishing industry in 1982 only showed a slight improvement over the previous year. Preliminary statistics indicate marginal improvements in landings and values with much of this due to a dramatic recovery in cod landings in most areas. In particular, the Newfoundland trap fishery seems fully recovered from a disastrous 1981 season. Plants early in summer could not accommodate all landings, and were occasionally reluctant to accept large amounts of small, immature fish. There was no great resurgence in price, unhappily, with prices for cod blocks going down.

The herring fishery had lower landings, although dramatic increases in landed values occurred as a result of very



attractive prices for over-the-side sales in the Fundy area. Unfortunately, the differential, \$200 per tonne, between

foreign vessels and local processors kept many plants closed long into the season before a compromise was reached. A more basic problem seems to be too many seiners and not enough herring.

The shell fishery was not addressed in any detail by the Task Force, but the problems associated with this sector are no less serious. The scallop fishery is of real concern. The number of scallop boats operating on Georges Bank has tripled in recent years and can be attributed to a rapid expansion of the American effort. This year the long-expected reckoning has come, and landings are off by 40 per cent. Canadian vessels have spread their effort to St. Pierre Bank, Western Bank and Browns Bank, but preliminary reports still show landings down by more than 25 per cent. This year, for the first time in many, cod has replaced scallops as the most valuable species landed in Nova Scotia, and scallops are in danger of falling to third as lobster landings and prices improve.

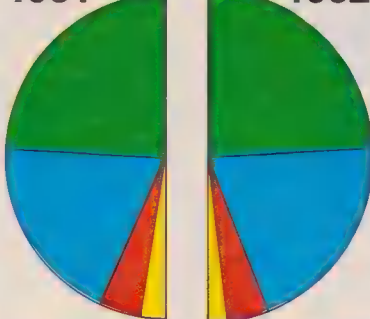
The Atlantic fishery has been touched by other international issues this year. In particular, broad allocations of non-surplus cod stocks off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to foreign vessels in return for potential market access has drawn the wrath of many interest groups and provoked the anger of Canadian fishermen who sit idle while foreign vessels ply the Canadian zone.

This is the background to the Kirby report. Observers, no doubt, will be studying the report closely for hints of the future structure of the Atlantic fishing industry, but already in 1982 new structures have begun to form. The system of enterprise allocations for northern cod (with quotas assigned to processors rather than to boats) was termed an early success. Major processors have joined forces in their marketing efforts. Two of the largest (National Sea Products and H.B. Nickerson and Sons) have been considering a formal merger. Measures to improve quality are gaining official if not wide acceptance. A recovering American economy (the market for 80 per cent of Atlantic Canada's fish production) should improve prospects.

Indeed, there are some promising signs, but the salvation of the industry requires that still more changes occur. Long-term policy goals must be defined. For this, all eyes turn to the recommendations of the Task Force, and to the Department of Fisheries and Oceans which will be charged with their implementation. Perhaps the major issue will be the degree to which policy-makers will accept the recommendations, given that controversy usually attends any changes proposed for the fishery.

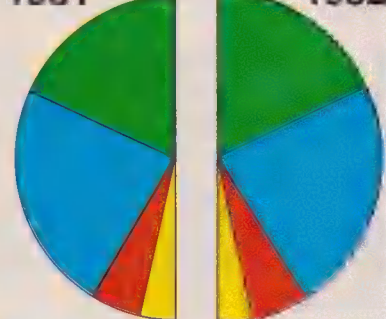
FISH LANDINGS

(preliminary) JAN-SEPT



LANDED VALUES

(preliminary) JAN-SEPT



High inventories and modernization

Canadian newsprint production in the third quarter of 1982 hovered around 70 per cent of capacity. Housing starts nationwide at the same time were at a 22-year low. These two facts alone do much to explain the plight of Atlantic Canada's forestry industries, especially when similar trends typify other important markets for Canadian

production, such as the United States.

At the beginning of September, Maritime lumber production was estimated to be 40 per cent below normal. Actual output from mills was down by one-third, and much of the milling which has taken place in 1982 was to prevent stockpiled trees falling prey to decay and disease. Export markets for

Maritime lumber (mostly in the United States and Western Europe) are confused as exchange rates fluctuate and new sources of supply alter market shares. The Eastern Canadian share, for example, of the U.K. market dipped to 3.5 per cent in the first five months of 1982 compared to 8 per cent a year earlier. Much of the slack has been taken up by Swedish and Soviet supplies. Further devaluation of the Swedish krona will make penetration of this market very difficult. More complications are indicated by murmurings from American lumbermen of protection from Canadian imports.

The story is similar for pulpwood producers. To the end of August, total production from Atlantic mills declined by about 25 per cent over a year earlier. Most of the region's pulp mills have had closures of varying lengths as demand varied. Earlier in the year, buyer expectations of labour disruptions in a year when many contract negotiations took place prompted build-up of inventories. In fact, time lost to strikes has been quite small, but high buyer inventories must be run down before new purchases are contemplated.

These trends and numbers tell only part of the story. Lumber-producing areas, such as New Brunswick's Miramichi district, have chronically high unemployment levels as sawmills remain closed. Many communities which rely on a single pulp or newsprint mill for the bulk of local activity live constantly under the threat of shutdowns for varying periods of time. In this respect, the true cost of the recession is incalculable.

Longer-term outlook for the pulp industry is more rosy. Most of the region's older mills have ongoing capital investment programs with the help of federal incentives under a series of Forestry Development Agreements. The basic aims are to reduce harmful environmental emissions, and to combat increasing foreign competition by increasing efficiency. The degree of the upcoming competition can be gauged from estimates that, in 1981, world demand for newsprint rose by about 824,000 metric tons; during the same year, production capacity increased by almost 1.2 million metric tons, for a surplus of almost 400,000 metric tons.

To compete effectively, Canadian pulp mills must also have assured supplies of trees. In early September, 1982, came a federal policy statement on forest renewal. Considered by many to be a belated attempt to rebuild fibre supplies from a sadly depleted resource, the statement proposes to increase public and private spending by at least an extra \$100 million annually on top of the \$300 million already spent. This would merely sustain existing harvest levels. To enhance harvestable supplies in line with anticipated increases in worldwide demand for forest-



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ry products will require expenditures of \$650 million annually. During a time of recession in particular, the major challenge will be to translate these words into deeds.

Atlantic supplies of fibre must also be estimated with due consideration for insect infestation. During 1982, budworm damage in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was perceived to be declining. Scientists are naturally cautious about such trends, however, and preliminary egg mass counts in the fall of 1982 in Nova Scotia seem to justify this caution. Infestation may actually be increasing again, and findings for the other provinces are anxiously awaited.

Both Newfoundland and New Brunswick have aerial spray programs to combat the budworm, while Nova Scotia so far has only carried out limited spraying with a bacterial agent. The contentious issue of aerial spraying still simmers throughout the region, with passions high on both sides. In Nova Scotia

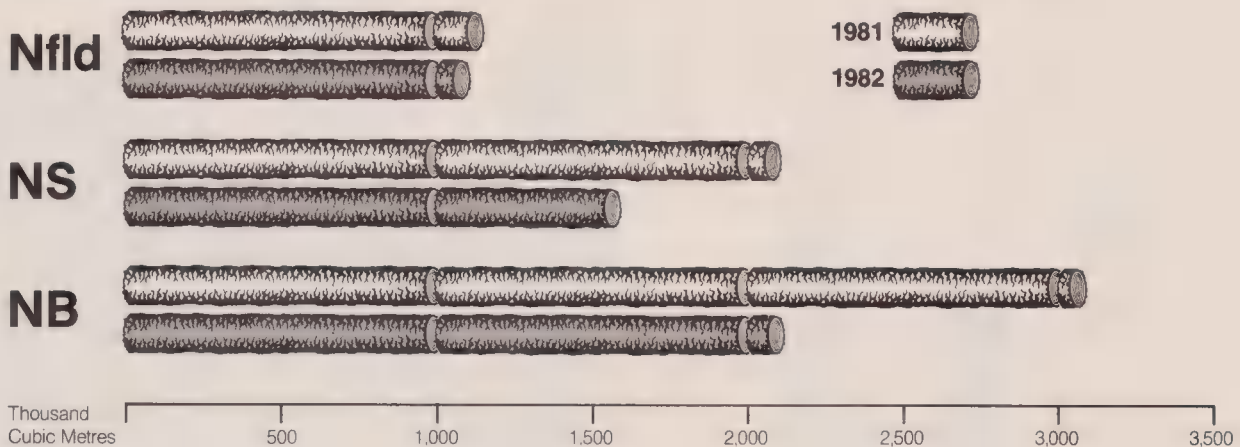
towards the end of the summer of 1982, controversy raged around decisions to allow aerial spraying of chemicals over young growth softwoods to deter hardwood competition. For a number of reasons, and after some confrontation, aerial spray permits were eventually revoked, although spraying from the ground was still allowed.

The balance of the century seems to be a make-or-break time for forestry in

Canada. Supplies of wood must be safeguarded and increased by improved management, more efficient use of available supplies and increased planting. Markets must be maintained by increasingly efficient production. In the shorter term, however, some semblance of normality must be achieved for both pulp and lumber sectors so that inventories can be reduced, and idle manpower and equipment put back to work.

PULPWOOD PRODUCTION ATLANTIC REGION

Jan-Aug



Source: Statistics Canada

M

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Riding out the storm

The recession has, by and large, put the region's mining sector on hold. Companies have laid off workers, reduced exploration programs and readjusted expansion plans. Low levels of consumer buying in major markets (especially for higher-priced articles such as appliances and cars) mean that prices for base metals (zinc, copper, and lead) have been at their lowest levels since the Second World War. Mine closures have resulted. Heath Steele announced a layoff of about 600 workers in New Brunswick, only to have a stay of execution provided by the provincial government. In the same area, Brunswick Mining and Smelting are cutting down staff over the next 18 months unless markets improve dramatically. The same company has postponed building a new \$360-million zinc reduction plant. Consolidated Rambler in Newfoundland kept their copper mine closed, although development of a new ore body at the long-established base metals mine at Buchans continued; commercial production, however, will depend on market conditions in early 1983.

The massive iron ore mines in Labrador have spent at least part of the year closed, and although workers were recalled in the fall, the total labour force will not reach previous levels. The mine at neighbouring Schefferville in Quebec suffered a worse fate, being closed indefinitely about the same time as recalls

were announced at Labrador City and Wabush. Soft markets have delayed the reopening of Consolidated Durham's antimony mine near Fredericton, and a potentially valuable tin deposit in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, must await improved conditions before development can begin. It is encouraging that this metal property was picked up quite rapidly by Rio Algom after the original owner, Shell Resources, decided to divest itself of most of its mineral holdings.

Exploration activity is normally fairly immune from economic slowdown, as it represents an investment in a company's future. The past year or so is an exception to this rule of thumb, and expenditures have been sharply reduced.

There are bright spots. Potash Company of America continues to develop its mine outside Sussex, with first production expected next year. Development of further potash deposits depends to a large degree on demand for fertilizer by farmers. The asbestos mine at Baie Verte in Newfoundland reopened under new ownership in the early fall.

There were also low levels of activity in the industrial minerals sector. Output of cement, sand and gravel and gypsum depend to a large degree on sales to the construction industry, and this industry in turn must wait for signs of lower interest rates for sustained recovery.

Since coal production to the end of the summer saw little gain over the same period in 1981, a year when Cape Breton miners were on strike for several weeks, this sector is evidently suffering from

reduced demand. Local markets are static at best, and occasionally declining, as in the case of sales to Sydney Steel and the Nova Scotia Power Corporation. Overseas markets are similarly depressed, particularly after Poland dumped large quantities of coal in an effort to raise hard currency to meet debt payments. There is less hope, consequently, of a long-run development of reserves at Springhill, Nova Scotia, and in Pictou County, where a recovery operation at Thorburn closed down in the fall. The announcement of a Carbogel pilot plant in Cape Breton, to produce a coal-water mixture for electrical power generation, is a little more encouraging. Part of the project involves design of burners to be used in a six-month combustion demonstration by the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission station at Chatham. A new coal recovery plant in Cape Breton will produce thermal coal from waste dumps at an old mine site. The Cape Breton Development Corporation has plans, too, for a \$2-billion expansion program over the next 10 years, involving three new mines.

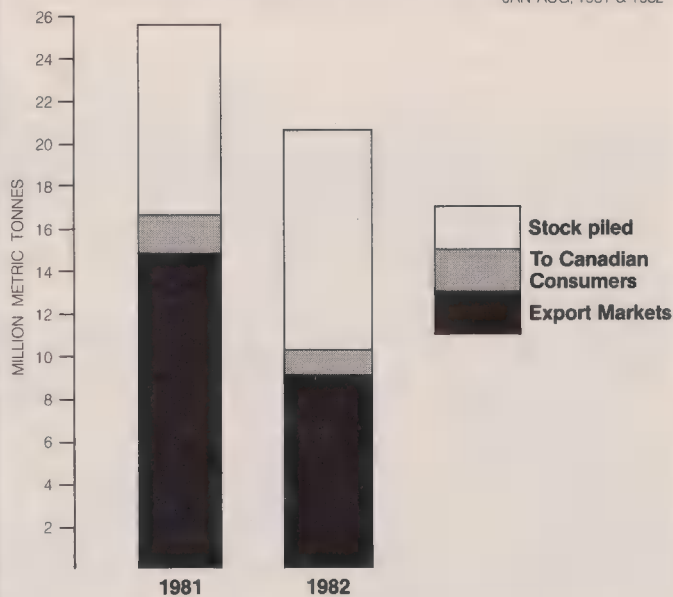
As with most other sectors, the mining industry plods along in low gear and awaits general improvement worldwide. Indications are that buyers have maintained only low inventories, and sustained recovery could mean rapid expansion of output for base metals in particular. For other minerals, especially iron ore, stockpiles would be more than adequate to accommodate the early part of any recovery.



N.S. DEPT. OF MINES AND ENERGY

LABRADOR IRON ORE PRODUCTION & DISPOSITION

JAN-AUG, 1981 & 1982



Source: Energy, Mines and Resources Canada

The stakes get higher

As in most previous energy-related development, the indirect impetus behind events of the past 12 months came from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. The united facade which has largely enabled OPEC to dominate price movements for all energy over the past 10 years or so finally showed signs of crumbling. In early spring the base price of OPEC oil was set at about \$41.50 per barrel, but in the months since, oil on the Rotterdam spot market has sold for as little as \$28. Energy developments in the region depend to varying degrees on being able to predict quite accurately the movements of OPEC prices.

The offshore year began tragically, with the loss of the Ocean Ranger in a storm in mid-February. In case anyone ever doubted it, this disaster underlined the true costs of offshore hydrocarbon development in the Northwest Atlantic. The pall which this cast over Newfoundland seemed to set the stage for subsequent developments in the search for hydrocarbons off that province. Although two rigs kept drilling and three drillships completed a season off Labrador, earlier optimism has been severely dampened by lack of agreement between provincial and federal governments over the questions of resource management and revenue sharing. The acrimonious exchanges have continued, and it appears that resolution of the issue must await rulings from the Supreme Courts of both Newfoundland and Canada. In the face of such official intractability, it is a testament to the size of the Hibernia reserve that exploration has continued at all, and two more rigs were expected before the end of the year.

Nova Scotia concluded an agreement in early March, and the establishment of

development ground rules seems largely responsible for a big increase in exploration activity in 1982. Two rigs were operating at the end of 1981; this had increased to five at the end of 1982, with the prospect of at least two more in 1983. New structures are being probed by new operators, and there is a commitment of at least \$2 billion to exploration to the end of 1983.

This general surge in interest, of course, was also prompted by Mobil's announcement in mid-year that the Venture field off Sable Island contained enough reserves of natural gas to justify commercial development. Application to the National Energy Board to export this gas has already been made. It appears, however, that markets are not as strong as they once were. Excess supplies of western natural gas were the initial reason for building the Trans Quebec and Maritime Pipeline. This project is presently stalled in Quebec to allow study of alternatives in the Maritimes, including gas supplies from the Scotian Shelf. The other natural market is New England, but the possibility of western gas reaching this market via Ontario gives some cause for concern. Mobil has estimated 1988 as the earliest date for production from Venture.

Newfoundland also failed to resolve its other major energy problem, the renegotiation of the Churchill Falls hydro contract. Hydro-Quebec presently takes the bulk of output for redistribution both within Quebec and in export markets. The contract was signed in 1960, at prices which prevailed at that time. This means that Newfoundland has not benefited at all from energy price increases since that date. A provincial act to regain control of Upper Churchill power is presently being contested in the Supreme Court of Canada.

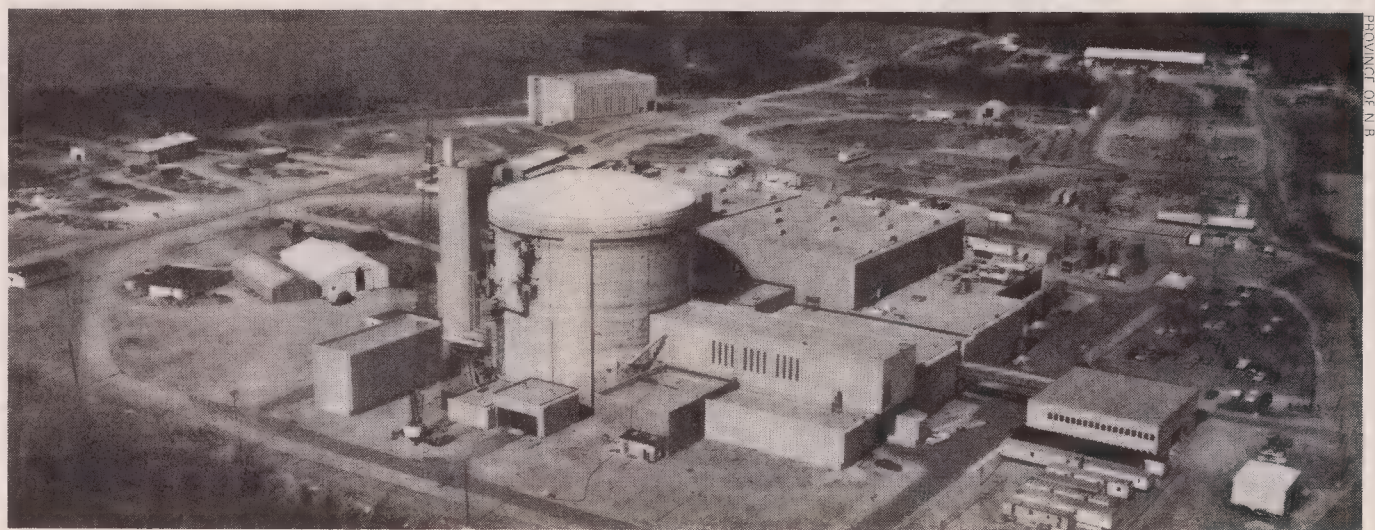
New Brunswick received permission to start up the nuclear reactor at Point Lepreau in July. Testing was still under

way at the end of the year after a slower-than-expected beginning. More than 40 per cent of the controversial reactor's output is contracted to various New England utilities, and N.B. Power is applying for permission to export a further 130 MW (about 20 per cent). There has been talk of a second reactor at Lepreau.

Part of Lepreau's power was destined for Prince Edward Island, until the agreement was dissolved in 1979. Islanders have the highest electricity costs in Canada, and a Commission of Inquiry which reported in August heard a wide array of views on the subject of power costs. There is little doubt that nuclear power is the lowest-cost alternative facing Islanders, but there has been a resistance to electricity from this source. P.E.I. has moved over the past five years to buying the bulk of its power supplies from mainland sources to replace on-island oil-fired generation. In the face of steeply increasing costs for all Islanders, it seems doubtful whether resistance to Lepreau can survive much longer.

Nova Scotia remains committed to Cape Breton coal for its electricity needs in the immediate future. Once neglected in the face of cheap imported oil, new mines and coal-fired plants continue to be built. Some 300 MW at the Lingan complex are operational, and a further 300 MW capacity is under construction. In addition, the 18 MW Annapolis Basin Tidal Power Pilot Project has received its turbines, and work should be substantially complete before the end of 1983.

An appreciable part of the region's future economic development depends on energy projects with output both for internal use and for export. Present financial considerations make any new starts prohibitively expensive, and present markets are uncertain at best. That development will begin at some time seems beyond question, but major participants must examine the timing of their projects carefully. ■



Manufacturing:

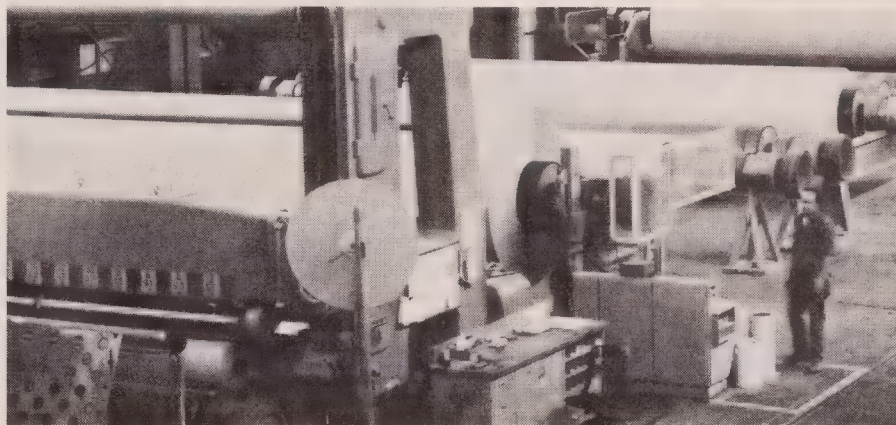
APEC
Atlantic Canada '83

Operating below capacity

Low levels of activity in world markets have had a major impact on the production of manufactured goods in Atlantic Canada. With well over 50 per cent of manufacturing activity tied to the processing of natural resources, weak international demand for these goods has resulted in production slow-downs or closures. Coupled with reduced consumer spending at home, new orders declined throughout 1982. This has provoked a scramble to activate survival techniques, such as improved marketing, staff layoffs and inventory control.

Inventory control involves matching factory output with final demand more closely. High inventory levels are expensive, as a result of high financing, storage and moving costs. Failure to sell output, allowing production to accumulate in warehouses, has resulted in closures in pulpwood and paper mills, food processing plants and shipyards.

To the end of the third quarter, both the value of manufacturing shipments and employment levels were down. Newfoundland alone registered an increased level of shipments (by about 13 per cent in terms of value) due to increased activity in fish plants and pulp mills during the first half of the year. Even this increase may be substantially reversed by year-end, as final figures for the forestry sector in particular are recorded. New Brunswick has had the largest decline in the value of manufacturing shipments, followed by Nova Scotia. Figures for Prince Edward Island are not available, but in this province the year also saw fish plant and meat-packing plant closures.



N.S. GOV'T SERVICES

Sales of some items (food and forestry products) during the year were either slightly ahead of 1981, or managing to keep pace. Any adjustment for inflation would reveal a real decline in values. Final forestry-related figures for the year were expected to show substantial decline, as inventories in pulp and paper mills built up and temporary shut-downs were announced throughout the region. Lumber-related producers (plywood, boxes, panel-wood and so on) have had a similarly poor year, as have furniture producers. Other sub-sectors, such as chemical production, are closely tied to other secondary output in the region, and their output paralleled that of the other producers. Non-metallic mineral production, such as cement, was marginally up, but metal fabrication output was down.

The final outlook for 1982 depends on moving output from warehouses to final use. This relies to a significant extent on consumer behaviour both in Canada and elsewhere. Lower rates of inflation in the United States will reduce

pressures on individual incomes, and lower interest rates may spur a delayed bout of buying. On the other hand, consumer expectations have been severely dented, particularly with respect to job security, as unemployment levels stay high.

The preliminary outlook for 1983 is for gradual recovery. At first, this will entail the region's manufacturers running down high inventories before full production is resumed. Laid-off workers may not be recalled before spring or summer.

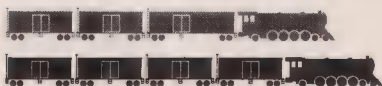
In the longer-run, expansion of output depends on the ability to develop non-traditional manufacturing industries. The first steps have been taken, with high technology plants locating in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Businessmen are also casting eyes to the future, and the potential of offshore development. The impact of this development throughout the region could be most important in allowing a measure of diversity from present traditional activities.

VALUE OF MANUFACTURING SHIPMENTS

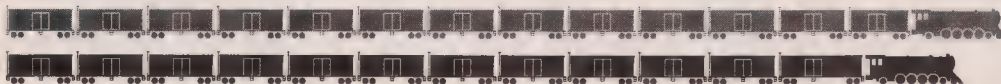
JAN-AUG (in current dollars)

note: Statistics on P.E.I. not available due to publication restrictions

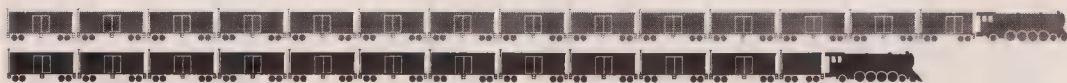
Nfld



NS



NB



\$ MILLION

250 500 750 1,000 1,250 1,500 1,750 2,000 2,250 2,500 2,750

Source: Statistics Canada

1981
1982

Major projects offer some hope

The decline in the construction industry in Atlantic Canada continued in 1982. Even so, this sector represented 19 per cent of the output of the goods-producing sectors of the Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island economies. In Nova Scotia, construction was even more important, accounting for 22 per cent of goods-producing output.

Basic indicators of construction activity, such as value of building permits and number of housing starts, clearly demonstrate the downturn. Housing assistance plans such as the Canadian Home Ownership Stimulation Plan seem to have met with only limited success, and single-family dwelling starts are down substantially in all four provinces. Provincial programs, where they existed, met with the same limited success due in part to the limitations imposed by strained provincial treasuries.

Value of building permits also went down, although only Newfoundland (off by 42.4 per cent over the first eight months of the year) was below the Canadian average decline of 33.1 per cent. Most of the activity in each province was concentrated in the major urban centres where the value of building permits generally went up. Halifax, for example, accounted for 34 per cent of permit value in the province for the period January to August. This represented a 116 per cent increase for this city over the same period in 1981.

The overall trend in construction spending was down, however, and much of this must be blamed directly on persistently high interest rates and reduced capital investment accompanying broad recessionary trends in all sectors.

Fortunately, some large industrial, commercial and institutional projects have been able to keep the construction

industry afloat if not exactly in the swing of things. Major projects, some with broad spin-off benefits, are vital counterweights to current trends. Government spending has traditionally played this role and is doing so once again, as demonstrated by increased capital account deficits in all of the Atlantic provinces except Nova Scotia for the 1982-83 fiscal year. As a result, government-sponsored major projects are very much in evidence.

Major projects throughout the region touch upon a number of sectors, and hold much promise for the future. In Nova Scotia work continues at the Halifax dockyard, the Annapolis Basin Tidal Power Pilot Project and at the Lingan Complex in Cape Breton. The \$125-million Camp Hill Medical Complex in Halifax is, however, delayed, although work on a Veterans' Hospital will go ahead with federal funds. There are mixed feelings about the fate of the TQM natural gas pipeline, presently stalled in Quebec. Assessment of offshore gas reserves may result in an alternative Maritime pipeline to distribute gas, with an extension to New England, but this will take time.

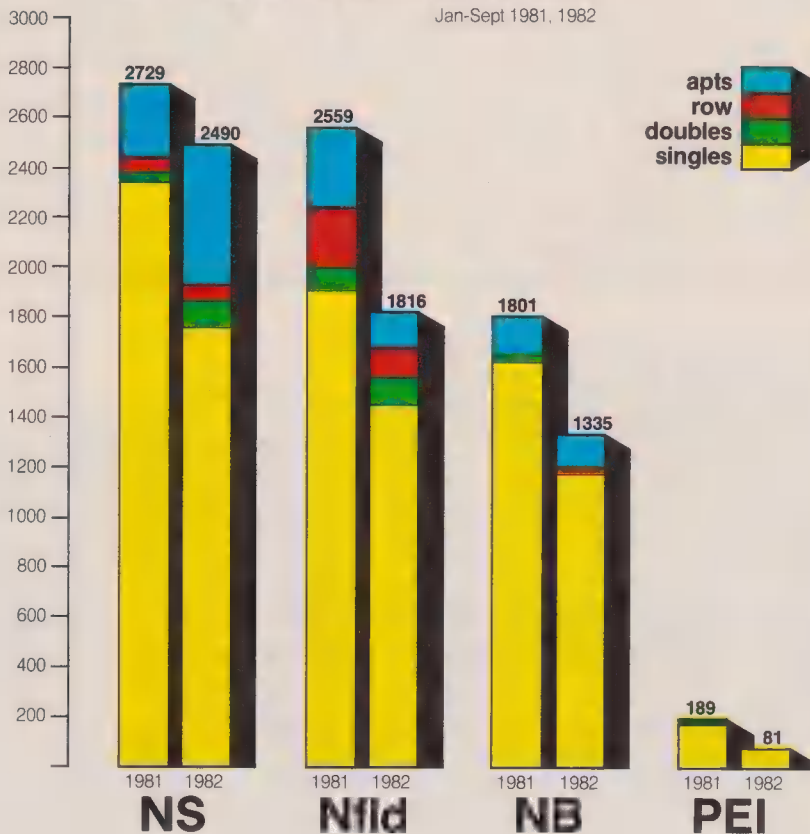
Both Newfoundland and Nova Scotia stand to benefit greatly from construction associated with offshore developments, with significant work in the other two provinces. Patience will be required for much of this activity, however, as markets, energy prices, and continuing management disagreement between governments occupy centre stage. Newfoundland has other energy projects on the go, including the Cat Arm hydro scheme valued at \$332 million. There is, in addition, commercial development in St. John's, and work on the Arctic Vessel and Marine Research Institute.

Commercial development is also prominent in New Brunswick, notably in Saint John and Fredericton. Pulp mills around the province are undergoing extensive modernization works, and a potash mine near Sussex is still under construction. Work on a new zinc smelter at Belledune (worth \$360 million) is unfortunately delayed. Two public projects and one commercial project in Charlottetown account for much of the activity in Prince Edward Island, but there are hopes that work could be cleared to begin soon on a new \$27-million Veterinary College.

Once again in 1982, the construction industry in the Atlantic provinces rests on the shoulders of the major projects. It must be remembered, however, that this industry's full recovery depends on a continued decline in interest rates, a revival of the residential housing market and the recovery of our troubled economy.

HOUSING STARTS

Jan-Sept 1981, 1982



Source: Statistics Canada

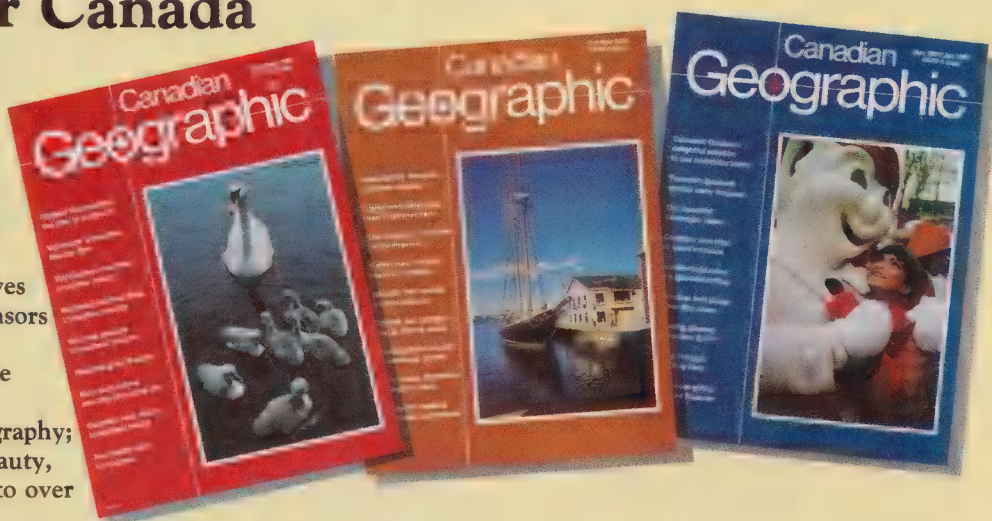
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Changes in the air, on the ground and at sea

The economies of the four Atlantic provinces rely on fast and efficient transportation links both internally and to major outside markets. Distance from major markets makes consideration of how to reach those markets a crucial part of overall business decision-making.

On this premise alone, 1981 and 1982 have given the region much to think about. Significant changes have taken place in all major modes, not always for the better. Towards the end of 1981, there were reductions in the level of passenger rail service. Almost simultaneously, there were adjustments in ferry services to and from Newfoundland, and along that province's coastline. In early 1982, road haulage contractors were unexpectedly faced with changes in the level of assistance under the two acts which govern the rates at which freight moves on the region's highways. The erosion of rail service continues in the Maritimes with applications in the fall by CN to abandon branch lines in all three provinces. These applications cover all Prince Edward Island's remaining railways, and locally important lines to Pictou County in Nova Scotia, and in Kent County, New Brunswick. These seemingly small isolated episodes all add up to a big challenge for businesses struggling to maintain a competitive edge.

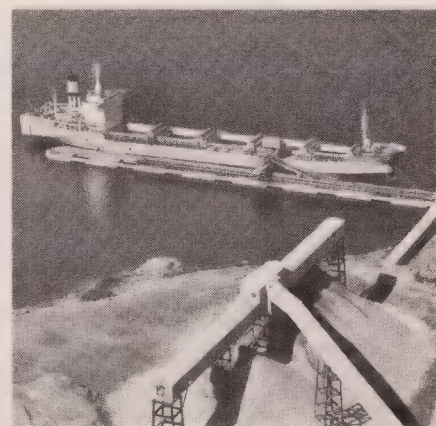
Port statistics to the end of September reflect the general course of economic activity. Cargoes through Halifax were down by almost 17 per cent over the same period in 1981, and the more than 40 per cent reduction in tonnage shipped through Saint John and

Belledune is eloquent testimony to the depressed state of New Brunswick's resource-based economy. Statistics from CN Marine also give indications of slowdowns in the region's two Island economies; commercial traffic on the North Sydney-Port aux Basques run recorded only a slight increase to the end of September over a year earlier, and commercial traffic to and from Prince Edward Island was down by 12 per cent over the same time period.

Container shipments were mixed. Halifax handled a significantly reduced number in the first full year of operation without two big lines which moved from the port to other terminals in 1981. In Saint John, however, two new lines began calling regularly and containerized cargoes registered an increase of about 11 per cent.

Some of the more intriguing aspects of international shipping were felt by the region during 1982. A potential strengthening of the cartel which sets rates for much North Atlantic shipping was regarded with some concern by regional ports with the fear that it would entail more lines moving elsewhere. This uncertainty still remains. A series of legal moves designed to reverse Dart Container's decision to move to Montreal from Halifax was unsuccessful. The effects of this move, however, have largely been balanced out by Atlantic Container Line's decision to consolidate its Eastern Canadian operations in Halifax at the expense of Montreal, a welcome reversal of previous trends.

There are signs, too, that the region's other major transportation concerns are



N.S. GOV'T SERVICES

gradually adjusting to changed circumstances. Newfoundland's two biggest private shipping lines joined forces to battle CN-owned Terra Transport for the \$65-million Newfoundland coastal trade. Newfoundland Steamships (which merged with Atlantic Freight Lines to form Atlantic Container Express) had been subsidized to the end of last March by the federal government on goods shipped from Montreal. This subsidy was abruptly withdrawn and has caused reappraisal of the means of doing business. And Eastern Provincial Airways announced a merger with CP Air. Initially, the merger entails some integration of routes, equipment, staff and services.

All in all, transportation operators have undergone a trying time over the past two years, aggravated by acute recession. No one disputes the importance of effective transport facilities to the overall economic development of the region, and the encouraging signs of change during the second part of 1982 indicate that adjustments to new circumstances are occurring. ■



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The past year has been one of limited advances and many setbacks for Atlantic Canada's billion-dollar tourist industry. There is no doubt that in these times of severe recession and consumer restraint, visitors are more difficult to attract. Final figures will likely show tourist spending down slightly at best.

In general, the season started slowly. July showed an improvement, with traffic above 1981 levels in some areas. Reported levels for the latter part of the season were mixed. Higher gas prices and an uncertain economy continued to keep many people closer to home. Even the motor-coach trade, which has been increasing in recent years, showed a decline in most areas. Motor-coach travellers tend to be older, retired people who are especially sensitive to prolonged periods of high inflation and economic uncertainty. Travellers were also looking for bargains in 1982, frequenting lower-priced motels and campgrounds; most campgrounds had substantially higher occupancy rates.

There was also a decline in American tourists, and more inter-provincial travel. In New Brunswick, for example, American tourists represented 45 per cent of all tourists in 1973; this was down to 27 per cent in 1982.

Final tallies for Prince Edward Island will likely be down from 1981 levels; passengers on both ferry crossings were fewer in number. New Brunswick should hold its own with tourist spending expected to pass the \$300-million mark in 1982. An increase in traffic from Quebec could make up for a decline in American tourists. Nova Scotia's \$510-million in-

dustry has without doubt benefited from the Old Home Summer promotion, although numbers are likely to be down slightly from 1981. The promotion helped the industry through a very difficult year, and probably persuaded a great many Nova Scotians to spend their summer at home. It is probable that visitors to Newfoundland were down in 1982. Preliminary statistics show total passengers using the Argentia ferry were down 27 per cent with one ferry removed from service. This reduction in service seems to have had quite an effect on tourist traffic to Newfoundland, and further reductions in capacity planned for 1983 may make travel to Newfoundland even more complicated than it is at pres-

ent. Vacationers arriving by air registered a slight increase, and specialty tours (such as Labrador fishing tours) are still proving to be most popular.

Although 1982 will not match 1981 in the level of tourist activity, the immediate future looks relatively bright. Non-traditional areas, such as conference activity and business travel, hold great promise. Major cities in the region are expanding, or have expanded, hotel space; and exhibition space is springing up in Saint John and Halifax.

In general, provincial governments are spending more on tourist promotion. Themes are proving popular and successful, and both Nova Scotia and Newfoundland are planning major promotions along these lines for 1983. Renewed growth in the tourist industry, however, will rely heavily on full recovery of the North American economy. ■



PEI TOURISM



New jobs and new skills needed

The Atlantic labour scene in 1982 prompts two major questions: What can we do to correct current high levels of unemployment? And: Can present labour supply meet occupational skill requirements for the 1980s and 1990s? Examination of present circumstances reveals somewhat different conditions from those which prevailed in the 1960s and 1970s, and there seems no reason to assume that past circumstances will ever prevail again.

Unemployment in the seventies was mostly a problem for a growing number of younger workers as the baby-boom entered the labour force, and of finding jobs for the increasing number of women who entered the market. But this situation changed. In 1982, few people were immune to layoffs regardless of skills, experience, or seniority. Successive months recorded unemployment levels unheard of since the 1930s. Many so-called prime-aged workers (those aged 25 to 55, with training and experience) joined the ranks of the unemployed, both blue-collar and white-collar workers alike. Normally, such workers enjoy some measure of job security during economic slowdown; the present recession has seen many take early retirement instead of the uncertainty of layoff and possible recall, or of looking for other work.

The unemployment statistics are not the whole story. Many workers have left the labour force after months of discouraging search for work and are not included as "unemployed". These workers would, however, re-enter the market if opportunities arose. Declining participation rates over the past 18 months testify to this trend in labour markets. (Participation rates identify the proportion of population between the ages of 15 and 65 who are either working or looking for work.) The return of discouraged workers to the labour market when opportunities arise will also keep unemployment rates fairly high during the initial recovery period.

The duration of the present recession in Atlantic Canada also adds to the problems of the unemployed. By the end of 1982, many laid-off workers were running out of UIC entitlements. The alternatives are, of course, welfare or other forms of social assistance. In an effort to avoid increasing numbers on welfare rolls, the federal government announced in October, 1982, the creation of a \$500-million job creation program aimed particularly at the hardest-hit regions. Many communities in Atlantic Canada certainly qualify for aid.

Two factors are restricting the ability of governments to address un-

employment adequately; fiscal restraint and the depressed state of world markets. High interest rates have seen government deficits reach horrendous levels, and the traditional standby of public spending to ease the slowdown is correspondingly limited. With many other claims on the few funds available (such as homeowners and small businesses), the capacity to act is reduced even further.

The region relies to a large degree on selling natural resources in export markets. Any return to normal levels of operation must first await a return to normal levels of buying in these markets, a trend which is largely beyond the influence of federal or provincial policymakers. Any sustained recovery in the region will need a corresponding recovery in the United States particularly, and even in this case there will be a time-lag before effects arrive in the region.

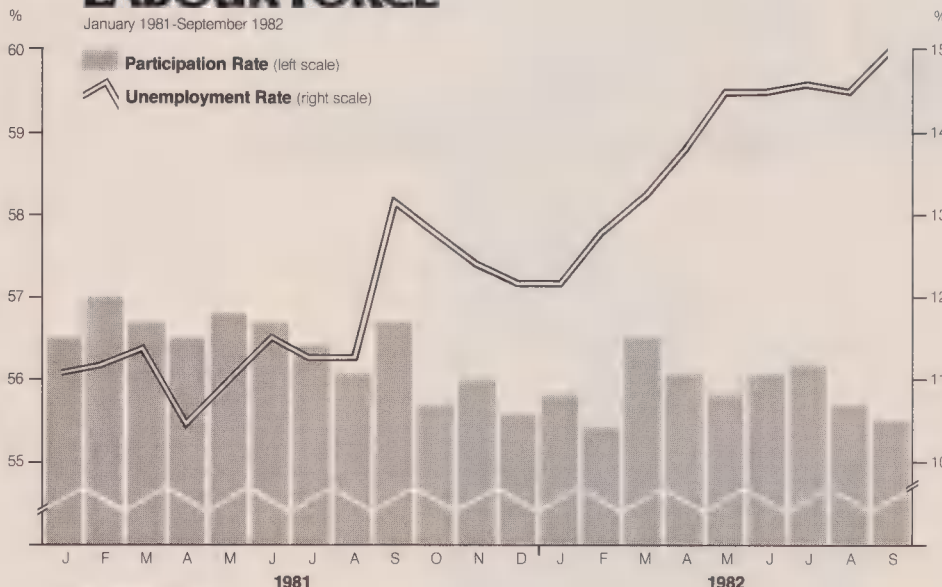
It is also likely that skill requirements in Atlantic Canada will be different over the next 10 or 15 years. The Economic Council of Canada in a recent study remarked that over the next two decades, a person must be trained in more skilled technical occupations to take full advantage of market opportunities. Mechanical and electrical skills were emphasized especially. Higher levels of training will be required both on the shop floor and in the office.

This translates into accurate identification of labour skill requirements at present, to accommodate future demand. Labour occupational demand forecasting becomes a vital part of this process. To an extent, this would replace traditional training programs based, essentially, on a client demand basis. Existing educational institutions must also ask themselves whether the programs they offer will match future demands for skills, and whether they are flexible enough to change rapidly.

A high quality and well-trained labour force designed to meet requirements of the future not only means employment opportunities in well-established industries, but can also be used as a tool to attract new industries. In Atlantic Canada, the potential for job creation will depend to a large degree on new industry to provide the region with a more diversified economic base. Skill-training is a most important part of this process.

LABOUR FORCE

January 1981-September 1982



Source: Statistics Canada

On deficits and restraint

Government programs and services in all four Atlantic provinces are facing difficult times due to declining government revenues. This pressure on revenues is directly attributable to the severe recession which has gripped the Canadian economy since mid-1981. All provinces are feeling the revenue pinch with government income below levels projected in spring budgets. Corporate income tax revenues have been lower than expected with plummeting company profits. The prolonged slump in consumer spending has reduced sales tax receipts. High interest rates are making government borrowing very expensive and debt servicing is placing an enormous burden on already pressed provincial treasuries.

A further decline in provincial fortunes comes as a result of reductions in federal/provincial transfers. These reductions have four clear causes. Firstly, transfers are based on population and the 1981 census revealed that previous estimates for the Atlantic region overstated the actual number of people living here. This meant not only a reduced level of transfers to the four provinces, but also substantial overpayments since about 1978. A legal obligation to repay these transfers (\$86 million) was, in the event, waived by the federal government. Secondly, reduction came as a result of revision to the formula used to calculate equalization payments. Thirdly, there was also a review of the Established Program Financing formula in 1982. And finally, the poor economic performance of Canada as a whole has affected the complicated aggregates on which transfers are based.

As a result, these transfers are likely to be more than \$130 million below expected levels for the four Atlantic provinces. Given the federal government's own substantial deficit (\$23.6 billion),

support beyond existing levels is unlikely, if not impossible. In fact, federal authorities seem to be in the process of shifting more financial responsibility for health and education programs to the provinces. The Atlantic provinces with their smaller fiscal capacities will be left with little room for manoeuvring as more and more discretionary spending is directed towards essential services.

In the face of reduced revenues, the provinces are left with three courses of action: (a) reduce the growth of provin-

increases in the 1982/83 budget with increases in most taxes. This, combined with some program trimming and other austerity measures, allowed officials to reduce the size of the deficit for the first year in several. Borrowing requirements are still very large, however, and debt servicing ranks third behind education and health in current account spending. The New Brunswick budget was the most stimulative of the four. A dramatic increase in the deficit and minimal tax increases were designed to bridge the gap

between current economic conditions and the long-run potential of the economy.

Unfortunately the economy has grown worse since these budgets were introduced and revenues are substantially below projected levels. As a result, current account deficits are expected to rise substantially in every province.

Nova Scotia's deficit will increase from a projected \$129 million to over \$170 million even with the \$33 million in cutbacks already implemented. With the heavy debt loads being carried by most provinces, it is likely the axe will fall in the form of even more spending cuts, although New Brunswick may pursue its stimulative policies to the extreme and finance expenditures through more borrowing. Policies such

as public sector wage controls, implemented in some form in all provinces except Prince Edward Island, will have to be linked with further budget trimming if a financial balance is to be achieved.

Provincial finances will continue to be squeezed in the extreme in early 1983 and the curtailment of services that began in 1982 will become more serious in the New Year. Provincial policies will be dictated by the balance they are able to achieve between increased borrowing, increased taxation and curtailment of services. A reversal of 1982's revenue trends will depend on the extent and timing of the expected recovery. Without this recovery, provincial budgets for 1983/84 will make very grim reading. ■



DAVID NICHOLS

cial expenditures by reducing programs and services; (b) increase revenues by raising taxes; (c) increase net deficits by borrowing more. These were the options open to financial planners in each province as they drew up 1982/83 provincial budgets.

Newfoundland increased its tax effort in an attempt to maintain programs. A larger deficit reflects an effort to deflect some recessionary pressures away from the slumping construction industry through a dramatic increase in capital expenditures. Prince Edward Island continues to be very cautious in its budgetary practices, trimming programs where necessary and staying away from large deficits and tax increases. Nova Scotia made up for several years of minimal tax

Atlantic Canada:

The outlook

The current state of the economy, both in the Atlantic region and elsewhere, is creating hardships for almost everyone. Few people remain untouched by the recession. Workers are laid off often with little chance of recall. Businessmen have lost firms that would have perhaps survived in a better economic climate. Farmers and fishermen have been forced to sell assets to meet loan payments, or to pay higher input costs at a time when markets have slumped. Even those who are not directly affected are usually close to someone (a relative or friend) who has lost his job or his business.

The response of policy-makers to the current dilemma appears to be in a state of flux. A strong commitment in most of the Western world over the past 18 months to restrictive monetary policy ensured that interest rates stayed high. The focus was to reduce spiralling inflation rates and the ravages they produce. But the policy-makers did not foresee the extent of the recession that would result, at least in part, by restricting growth of the money supply.

In all Western countries, unemployment has risen to staggering levels. At first, this was seen as an acceptable, albeit unpleasant, short-term trade-off in the battle against inflation. But gradually alarm has been increasing for not only the numbers of unemployed, but also about the duration of unemployment. Short-term layoffs are turning into plant closures; workers are moving from unemployment benefits to welfare.

The long-term implications of this picture are painful to contemplate. The unused capacity in Canadian industry is at an all-time high, and plant and machinery can deteriorate if left unused for long periods of time. The same argument applies to workers, who gradually lose their skills if unemployed for long

periods. The costs to both individuals and society in such a situation are enormous.

Both governments and industry are anticipating a long period of readjustment, with continuing high unemployment rates, particularly among the young. Some analysts are now speculating that some major Canadian plants may never reopen. If they do, they will have incorporated major technological change into the production process. This would further reduce demand for labour, aggravating already high unemployment levels.

Concern among policy-makers over the depth and duration of the recession surfaced in the fall of 1982. Finance Minister Marc Lalonde announced at the end of October that he was setting up a board of key Canadian economists to advise on policy matters. This was followed shortly by the announcement of a three-year investigation into the Canadian economy by a royal commission. While these events by themselves do not represent a shift in policy (away from focusing primarily on reducing inflation) there are indications that more attention is directed towards the plight of the unemployed. There have been announcements of job-creation programs, and stimuli to certain lagging industries, such as steel.

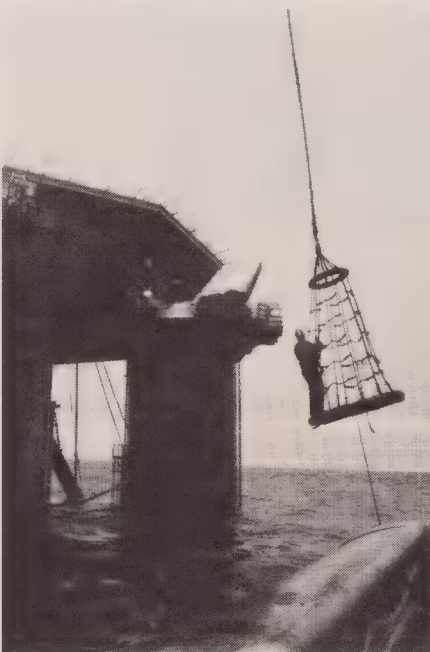
All these announcements indicate the extent of the federal concern over Canada's poor economic performance, particularly when compared to its major trading partners. Inflation has fallen to about 10.5 per cent, but this compares to less than 6 per cent in the United States. Canada's competitive position and its economic recovery will be severely handicapped if we cannot bring pro-

duction costs more into line with those of our trading partners.

All this makes it an interesting time for those analysts who attempt to foresee where the economy is going. Most agree that there will be some slight growth in the Canadian economy in 1983, but the actual extent of the growth is widely disputed. Big policy shifts or changes in international markets could change any forecasts made at this time. Uncertainty prevails in the Atlantic region, but there are still many bright spots on the horizon. These include offshore oil and gas developments and work on other major energy projects. Modernization is under way in pulp mills throughout the region.

Each province still has problems: our open economy and dependence on the export of raw materials, the markets for which have fallen sharply in recent months; structural problems in some of the region's key industries, such as mining and the fishery; disputes between governments over topics such as management of offshore resources which is slowing exploration; a generally fragile economic base which involves problems such as a vulnerable tax base even when the Canadian economy is doing well.

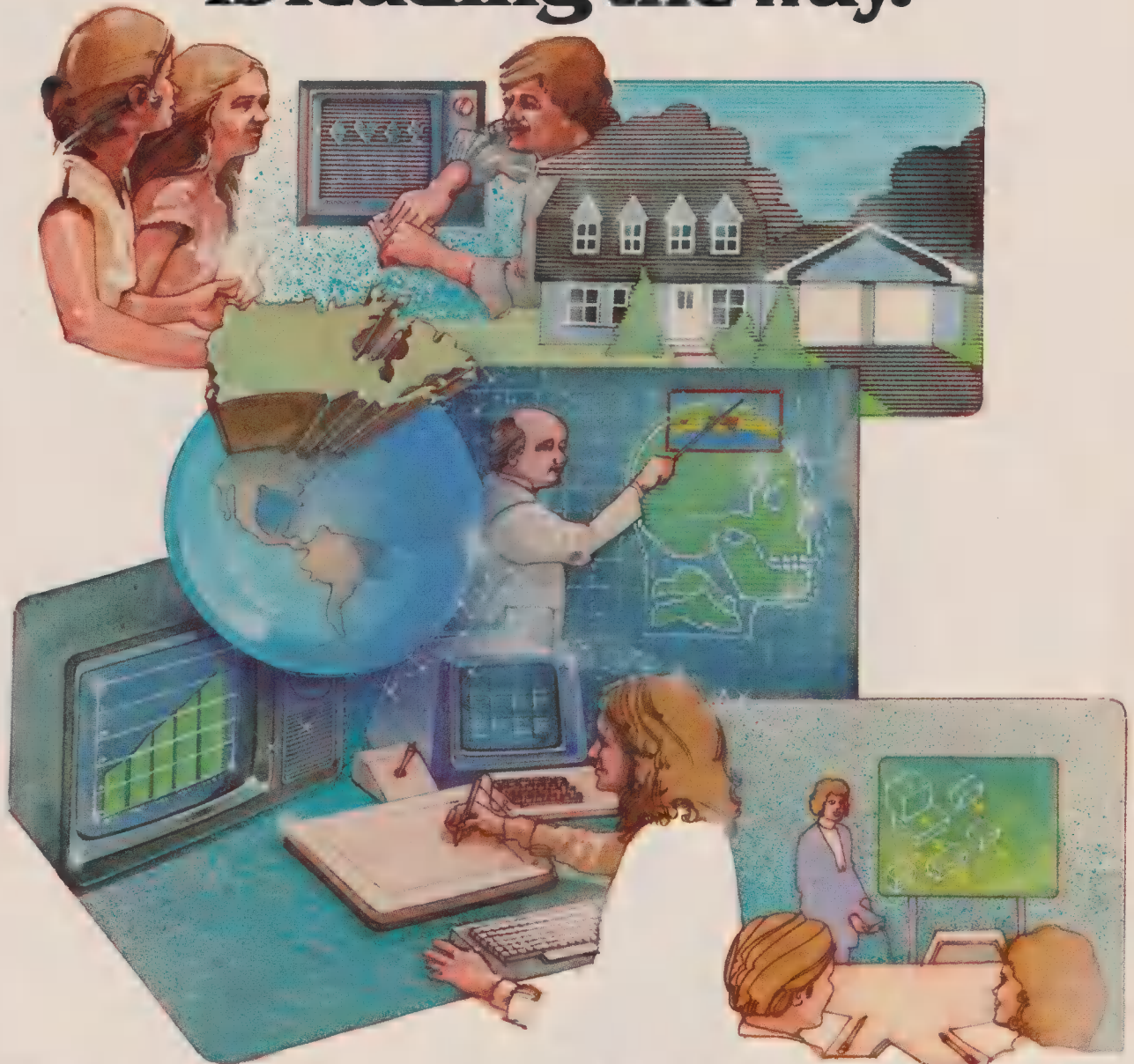
Given these uncertainties it is indeed difficult to give confident outlooks for each of the provincial economies. Currently, it looks as though Nova Scotia will suffer the least from recession, and new developments offshore could put the province in the forefront in 1983. Improvements in major export markets, however, such as for minerals and forest products, could see resurgence for both New Brunswick and Newfoundland. More tourists and better prices for potatoes could have the same stimulative effect for Prince Edward Island. In general, however, slow recovery and a long period of readjustment can be expected over the next year or two. It will be a measure of the region's resourcefulness and farsightedness to see what lessons can be learned from the present and used to prepare for the future. ■



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Buddhists seek a new eastern home

Eastern Canada, that is. The spiritual leader of 2,000 North American Buddhists plans to make Halifax the continent's new Buddhist capital

In the shrine room, on the fourth floor of a downtown Halifax office building, people are sitting on floor cushions, backs straight, legs crossed at the ankles, hands resting on knees. The floor cushions face a raised platform encased in red and blue satin, with a backdrop of yellow silk. On the shrine are candles, burning incense, a crystal ball, a small statue of Buddha, a photograph of a former Tibetan monk named Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche. A gong sounds: The meditation period begins.

The man in the photograph is the person largely responsible for introducing Buddhism to Western society. He's also the spiritual leader of about 2,000 practising Buddhists in North America — members of the branch of the religion known as Vajrayana Buddhism. Five years ago, Rinpoche fell in love with Nova Scotia while on a holiday visit to the Maritimes. Last year, he moved to a farm in Falmouth, N.S., about 70 km northwest of Halifax, with his British-born wife, Diana. Her goal is to set up a school of dressage, a skill she learned at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna. His is to turn Nova Scotia into the North American capital of Buddhism.

The headquarters now is in Boulder, Colo., a city about the same size as Halifax. There, the Buddhist community numbers about 1,000. But in the past three years, about 50 Buddhists, mostly from the United States, have moved to Halifax to help Rinpoche set up a new spiritual and administrative base.

One is Joshua Zim, 37, an associate creative director with a Halifax advertising agency, who moved from Boulder in 1980. Zim says Rinpoche "got a special feeling about the place" when he first visited Nova Scotia. "He was drawn by the natural decency and gentleness of the Atlantic provinces, and in Halifax he also sensed a vitality, a kind of energy that was happening here." Rinpoche wants to move the base from Boulder, Zim says, because "he feels that this area, with its slower pace of life, is more conducive to contemplation."

Most of his followers are Western converts to Buddhism — people in their late 20s to mid-40s with careers that range from carpentry to medicine. Like Dr. James Sacamono, a Missouri-born physician working at the Halifax Infirmary, many were "looking for a contemplative approach to life" when they discovered the teaching of Rinpoche.

The Buddhist leader, in his early 40s,

spends much of his time travelling throughout the continent, lecturing and visiting Buddhist centres (he left Nova Scotia on a tour last fall and won't be back until late spring). Donations and funds raised by his followers support him in what Zim describes as a "fairly comfortable" lifestyle. Everywhere he goes, he's accompanied by a personal attendant and a small entourage of bodyguards. His disciples regard him with a respect bordering on hero-worship. When he arrived in Halifax last fall, a Buddhist family moved out of their home — one of the finest in the Buddhist community — and turned it over to Rinpoche for his six-week stay. Other Buddhists donned color-co-ordinated outfits and learned formal dining-room techniques to wait on their leader and his guests. It's not unusual for Rinpoche's disciples to seek his advice before making personal decisions: He's been known



Rinpoche: Respect bordering on hero-worship

to suggest the cities in which they should live and whom they should marry.

Rinpoche (a title that translates literally as "the precious one") was raised in a Tibetan monastery from the age of 18 months and identified, according to Tibetan beliefs, as the 11th incarnation of Buddhist master Trungpa Tulku. By age 16, he was abbot (spiritual governor) of several monasteries. Still in his teens during the Communist Chinese invasion of 1959, he escaped to safety across the Himalayas in midwinter. After settling for a short time in northern India, he studied comparative religion at Oxford University, and eventually put aside the monastic life to immerse himself in the study of Western culture and ideas.

In 1970, he came to North America, where he found Buddhism practically

non-existent outside traditional Oriental communities. Today, an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 North Americans practise the Buddhist form of meditation, although the number who make up the Vajrayana movement is much smaller. An even smaller, select group, including Zim and several others in Halifax, co-ordinate and run Buddhist centres in major Canadian and American cities.

The centres offer, among other things, meditation instruction to disciples and outsiders (a weekend of lectures costs \$30). But in Halifax, only a handful of local people have so far become involved in the downtown Karma Dzong centre, and the Buddhists aren't inclined to push pamphlets on street corners.

The Buddhists consider meditation a necessary tool for understanding the religion's ideas and practising its philosophy. Its message, Zim says, is that everyone has to assume responsibility for his own life. "If you're confused or in pain, you have to unravel that for yourself. . . . Everyone has the potential to clarify their own confusion, and the method that the Buddha taught was meditation." And it is possible, he says, to practise Buddhist meditation and still be a practising Christian.

Buddhism, dating back to the sixth century BC, is both a philosophy and a non-theistic religion (no deity is worshipped). Its millions of followers believe in reincarnation and karma (for every action there's a reaction; what you do comes back to you). Buddhism also teaches that the exaggerated sense of one's self is unnecessary. "The cause of most of our problems," Zim says, "is the exaggerated sense of self-importance."

The philosophy of Buddhism tends to attract creative, thoughtful people. "Buddhism says, 'Be good at what you do,'" says New York-born advertising writer Richard Kurtz, who moved to Halifax in 1980. "It tells you to sharpen your intelligence, to question things, to be discriminating."

In Boulder, where Buddhism began to flourish about 10 years ago, members have established a meditative retreat centre, a children's summer camp and a non-denominational liberal arts college called the Naropa Institute, which focuses on contemplation and Buddhist theory.

Zim won't predict how many Buddhists will move to Nova Scotia, but he says meditation training now being offered in Halifax could lay the groundwork for a second Naropa Institute. And if Rinpoche's plans proceed as expected, Halifax will complement and eventually surpass Boulder as the North American focal point of Buddhist activity.

—Sue MacLeod

The one-stop body shop

Whether you're a fitness freak or a sedentary slob, this Nova Scotian clinic can tell you (almost) everything you ever wanted to know about your body

D Murray Nixon is propped on an examining table at the Nova Scotia Sport Medicine Clinic while plaster is moulded to his feet for an orthotic — a piece of moulded plastic — he'll wear in his running shoes. It will correct an alignment problem in much the same way as glasses correct vision problems. Nixon's gone the distance. Three years ago, as a fat, sedentary and very busy family doctor in Halifax, he took up running — and dropped 30 pounds. Today he's a fit, 1½-hour-a-day, six-day-a-week runner who's completed six marathons. "I feel pretty good," he says.

In the past few years, a lot of people like Nixon have become active and fit. And one of the services the fitness movement has helped spawn is the Halifax-based Nova Scotia Sport Medicine Clinic. It's a one-of-a-kind centre that diagnoses and treats sports injuries and offers fitness testing, physiotherapy, nutrition consultations, pediatric services and clinics for back-pain sufferers, the obese and runners. "We offer the full package to people interested in their bodies," says Dr. William Stanish, an orthopedic surgeon who's clinic director.

The cheery clinic, which opened seven years ago, moved to the Halifax Civic Hospital a year ago and now sees about 100 patients a day — everyone from the elite athlete with a knee injury to the jogger who's jogged too far. Their family doctors refer them. But anyone can take the \$30, 1½-hour fitness test without a referral. (Anyone who's over 40, or has high blood pressure or diabetes needs a doctor's certificate.) Not everyone who takes the fitness test is in tip-top shape. "Some people who you wouldn't think would come, come," says office manager Geri Wood.

Fitness consultant David Currie tests everyone from the fitness freak to the TV-sports spectator. "Some people come here out of frustration," he says. They don't know where to start — and there are lots of them. Currie estimates that only about 20% of Canadians are "reasonably" active. Playing tennis once a week or bowling a bit (contrary to the bumper stickers that say, "Get fit. Bowl a bit") does not make you fit. "If you think there's a fitness craze," Currie says, "look at the shopping centres." More people are shopping than jogging.

Currie paces clients through a make-you-sweat test that tells you everything you ever wanted to know about your body. In a chilly, machine-filled room —

the room feels warmer when you start exercising — Currie checks aerobic capacity (the body's ability to take in oxygen and deliver it to the cells), blood pressure, pulmonary function, flexibility, endurance, muscular strength. He asks about your diet and, using a skinfold clamp, measures your level of body fat. When the test's over he explains how you can get fit — or fitter than you are — and designs your exercise program.

Currie recommends regular aerobic exercise — such as walking, running, swimming, cycling — performed briskly and nonstop for at least 20 minutes at a stretch. You're then about halfway to total fitness (diet, body strength and flexibility contribute to the other half). Aerobics build up the body's capacity for physical activity, strengthen the heart and lungs and increase body efficiency. Running is a good bet. "It's not a panacea," Currie says, "but it's such a good aerobic sport."

On a treadmill, a sophisticated moving sidewalk, Currie measures maximum oxygen consumption: The higher the level the greater the individual's capacity to continue exercising at a session. He can control how fast you walk or run and can even make you feel as though you're running uphill. Then there are stretching exercises, levers for your legs to lift, hand grips to squeeze, pushups and situps. When it's over you get a full report: You're scored and rated against other people of the same sex and age group.

The results could jog you into a fitness program — "one of the best forms of preventive medicine known to man" says a federal publication. But although fitness is promoted like toothpaste these days, not everyone's getting the message. The least-fit people are the ones least likely to get help. The quest for fitness, Stanish says, "is a white-collar syndrome. It's not a blue-collar thing." The majority of people who come for fitness testing, Currie says, are "fairly well educated" and between 20 and 40.

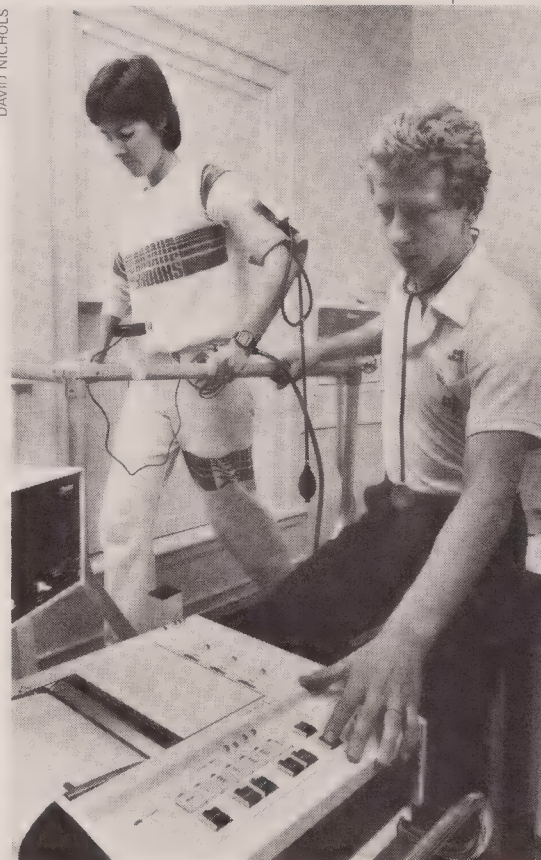
But the clinic is seeing "more and more people," says Linda Langley, who runs the physiotherapy services. Most of the injuries are sports related — neck and back injuries, ankle sprains, knee problems. Langley sees "a lot of over-use syndrome." For example, a runner who normally does a mile a day decides to compete in a 10-mile race without proper preparation. "Things start to break

down," she says.

That doesn't keep most of the patients down. "People here are so motivated," Langley says. "They aren't here for very long." Clinic staff encourage patients to keep up their sport, if possible. "We let the patient be his own boss," Langley says, "and let pain be the guide."

Many doctors don't. They're "trained to be conservative," Stanish says, and they tend to "catalogue" treatments: A strained ankle would require a six-week rest. "We say [there are three other doctors at the clinic] 'Get them moving quicker.'"

It was that philosophy that led to the opening of the clinic in the Seventies.



Currie tests Janet Garapick's fitness

"There were a sufficient number of athletes not willing to accept rest," Stanish says. He saw a need for such a clinic, and about a month after it opened, "things just exploded. We started to see the full potpourri — the elite and recreational athlete." Before long, it outgrew its space at the Victoria General Hospital. Now there's a similar problem at the Civic. Stanish says the clinic has "a very modest setup." But its reputation is growing; it now acts as consultant to several national sports teams. In some ways, the clinic marks a return to more basic medicine. As Hippocrates, the father of medicine, said, "The body needs exercise and wastes with rest."

—Roma Senn

All you really knead

It's bread, of course. Great, fragrant, home-made bread. With a basic recipe or two, and some brilliant additions, you can create as many varieties as you like

By Pene Horton

An American tourist at Britain's famous Hampton Court asked one of the gardeners: "How do I get my lawn back home to look as good as yours?"

"Just weed it, roll it and water it for 300 years," the man replied.

So how do you make a perfect loaf of bread? It takes practice — maybe not 300 years' worth — but no amount of telling how to make bread is worth a damn. You must roll up your shirtsleeves and get your well-oiled hands in the bread dough, then knead it until it looks satiny. Dough should feel light, buoyant and easy to handle. You don't have to be a gorilla to knead bread. There's a kind of rhythm you fall into, over and easy.

Try not to make bread if you are upset. "Susan," I said to my beautiful co-worker, "why is your bread as flat as a pancake today?"

"I was mad at my husband," she confessed. "I must've punched it down real good."

"Punching" down is a misnomer. All it means is that you ball up your fists and gently push the air out of your risen dough; you don't knock the wind out of it.

You won't have to do any punching down with my basic whole wheat bread recipe because the dough only has to rise once — in the loaf pans. If you have a bread-mixing machine, you can use this recipe, adding half a cup of oil with the sugar and salt, and using Speed 1 for 10 minutes of kneading.

Basic Whole Wheat Bread

If possible, use freshly ground whole wheat flour. You can, if you wish, replace half the amount of whole wheat with white flour.

5 cups hot (not lukewarm) water

10-12 cups whole wheat flour

1/2 cup honey, molasses or sugar

4 tsp. salt

3 heaping tbsp. dry, granulated baker's yeast

Grease 4, 8×4-inch loaf pans and keep them warm on top of your stove. Pour hot water into mixing bowl. Add honey, molasses or sugar, and salt. Add 6 cups flour and stir to blend. Next add the yeast and stir. The consistency will be somewhat runny. Now start adding 4 or more cups of flour. When you can no longer stir the mixture, oil your hands and begin kneading. You will be able to

tell from the feel of the dough when to stop adding flour. It's important to keep your dough softish and easy to handle. Knead the bread for 15 minutes if you can. I gave out at 12 1/2 minutes. Oil a portion of your countertop, lift the dough out onto the counter and divide into 4 equal pieces. Flatten the pieces, roll them up like jelly rolls, tuck in the ends and pinch-seal the bottoms. Lay the dough in the loaf pans, rounded side up, and let rise in a warm, draft-free spot. Leave for 20-25 minutes or until the loaves have doubled in size. Bake in a pre-heated 350°F. oven for about 45 minutes. Ovens being what they are, keep your eye and nose on the baking bread. When it's golden-brown all over, take it out of oven, remove from pans and cool on a wire rack. Don't let the loaves touch each other; they'll sweat. They grow lighter as they cool.

Mexican Corn Bread

Add a package of onion soup mix to the hot water, and substitute 2 cups of corn meal for 2 cups of whole wheat flour.

Dark Pumpernickel Bread

Use 1 cup dark molasses instead of honey, 3 cups rye flour in place of 3 cups whole wheat. Add 1/2 cup cocoa to hot water to help darken bread. Add caraway seeds.

Orange-Walnut Bread

Quarter 2 whole oranges, leaving on the skin. Remove pips and blend with 3 cups hot water in blender. Add remaining cups hot water and pour mixture into bowl. Proceed as for basic recipe, using more honey or sugar if you like this sweet. During last minute of kneading, add 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cheese and Bacon Bread

Use basic recipe. In last few minutes of kneading, add a

handful of crisp, cooked, crumbled bacon and 2-3 cups grated sharp cheddar cheese.

Country Kitchen Scones

1 cup white flour

1 cup whole wheat flour

4 tsp. baking powder

pinch salt

1/2 cup butter or margarine

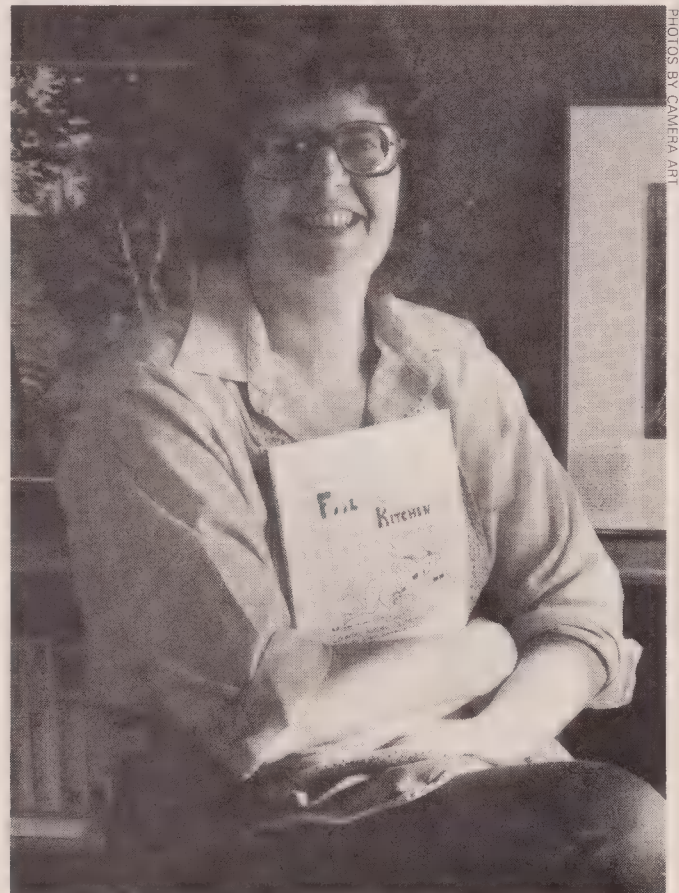
1 cup milk (or water)

1 egg

In a bowl, mix flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter, letting flour fall through your fingers from a great height. Break egg into cup, fill with milk and pour into the middle of the flour mixture. Stir, *lightly and all at once*, using the large spoon from a cooking utensil set. Drop lightly into greased muffin pans, using a round soup spoon for size and taking care not to touch with your fingers. Bake in pre-heated 450°F. oven until lightly browned (about 10 minutes). Cool and serve with butter and honey, or jam and whipped cream. Makes 12 scones.

Cheese Puffs

To the basic scone mixture, add a little more salt, 2 cups grated sharp cheddar cheese and a little cayenne pepper. Drop by teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet and bake in pre-heated 500°F. oven until golden brown and very light and puffy (about 10 minutes).



Cookbook author Horton is co-owner of a Summerside, P.E.I., restaurant and art gallery





19th century engraving of the monster

Things that go bump in Lake Utopia

Is it just a bunch of logs? Or is it really a huge, finned monster? Nobody knows for sure. But Sherman Hatt, among other New Brunswickers, is waiting for the mystery tenant of Lake Utopia to reappear

Sherman Hatt, 48, who has spent most of his life around Lake Utopia in southwestern New Brunswick, was raised on the folklore about a monster in the lake's murky depths. But he'd always been a determined skeptic — until one calm, clear evening last July. He was standing at his cottage with some companions when, suddenly, about a kilometre away, something broke through the surface of the water. "I'll never forget it," he says. "It was 12 to 15 feet long and was out of the water by at least two feet. It surfaced like a submarine and swam very fast for about two minutes."

A few days later, members of the Back Bay Pentecostal Sunday School, enjoying their annual picnic on the beach at Lake Utopia, also spotted a strange object churning the water. Nobody was sure what it was, just that it was scary enough to promptly end swimming for the day.

This is the way it's been at Lake Utopia for more than a century. Of all the monster and sea serpent stories extant in Atlantic Canada — and they stretch from Halifax harbor to Lake Ainslie in Cape Breton to the Bay d'Espoir region on Newfoundland's south coast — none has been more persistent than those surrounding this deep, six-mile-long lake just off Route 1 between St. Stephen and Saint John.

The stories go back at least to 1867, when naturalist A. Leith Adams found local residents so convinced about the presence of a monster "that they set large hooks baited with salt fish and pork, and which I found attached to logs in various situations." Adams was also told that "the slimy track of some huge animal had been traced from the ocean to the lake some 30 years ago!" In 1872, the *Dominion Illustrated News* reported the claim by two Micmac Indians that "a

fearful creature with a head as large as a puncheon followed them snapping its bloody jaws in a most frightful manner." And New Brunswick's most famous naturalist, W.F. Ganong, cited the stories told him in 1891 by a Mr. McCartney, "an observant and well-informed resident of Red Rock, Charlotte County," who said he'd seen the monster many times while lumbering in the area 20 years earlier. McCartney described it as dark red, about 20 feet long, as big around as a small barrel, and possessed of "two large flapping affairs like fins."

JAMES WILSON



Monster-watcher Hatt: "It surfaced like a submarine and swam very fast. . ."

naturalist Adams hypothesized that the boiling water reported by some witnesses could be attributed either to sudden releases of air and springwater from lake-bottom rock fissures, or to shoals of eels or small fish such as were frequently seen in the Mediterranean.

A supporter of the eel theory is retired fisheries researcher Carl Medcof of nearby St. Andrews, N.B. In the Sixties, he studied the eels of Cape Breton's Lake Ainslie and explained how, in mid-summer, they sometimes gather into loose balls, their heads at the centre. If these balls are close to the water's surface, their flailing long tails can look like somewhat larger appendages and make quite a commotion. Medcof thinks the same thing could be happening in Lake Utopia. "There is definitely something mysterious there," he says, "either something alive or some strange physical phenomenon."

At the federal Fisheries and Oceans Biological Station in St. Andrews, David Scarratt offers yet another possibility — the fact that a family of otters swimming one behind the other can look like a single creature with many humps. But, of the Lake Utopia phenomenon, he adds: "This is not a thing we dismiss lightly."

In two other lakes where monsters purportedly exist — Scotland's Loch Ness and Lake Champlain on the New York-Vermont border — people have launched expeditions to try to get to the bottom of the mysteries. They weren't successful. But a recent theory about Loch Ness and its "Nessie" may be relevant to Lake Utopia.

Writing in the *New Scientist* last August, retired electronics engineer Robert Craig suggests that over the years some of the pine trees that ring Loch Ness have fallen into the water and gradually sunk to the bottom. Under the enormous water pressure of the deep lake, the trees slowly become encapsulated with their own resins. Then gas-filled blisters form, making the trunks buoyant, and they start rising to the surface again. As they reach the surface with its lesser water pressure, the blisters explode, causing much frothing and foaming. Craig believes this is the furiously disturbed water often associated with sightings of Nessie.

Sparkling like a fine sapphire in the sun, and surrounded by fir, spruce and pine trees, Lake Utopia looks a lot like Loch Ness. And Craig's theory is at least plausible for Lake Utopia, too. Even W.F. Ganong wondered in 1907 about logs whose "dark slimy surfaces and occasional projecting roots make them resemble somewhat a long slender animal moving in the water."

Well, perhaps. Whatever it is, Lake Utopia's monster profoundly affects those, like Sherman Hatt, who see it. "I can't just look at the lake now," he says. "I'm waiting. I'm expecting it to reappear." —**David Folster, research by Marilee Little**

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PHOTOS BY FLORIDA DIVISION OF TOURISM

Sanibel and Captiva: The islands everyone wants

Just off Florida in the Gulf of Mexico, they're havens of wild plant and animal life. But can conservationists save them from Florida-style tourist hustle?

By Harry Bruce

The barrier islands of Sanibel and Captiva are a seductive hook of sand, swamp, good times and bad news. The news is that there just isn't enough of the islands' turf to share with everyone who wants a piece of their lovely action. Their power to attract people threatens to destroy everything that makes them attractive to people. Communities at all accessible beauty spots forever wrestle with this same challenge: How do you keep what you have and, at the same time, suck money out of the hordes of strangers who also want a bit of it? Nowhere, however, is the challenge more fierce than at Sanibel and Captiva. There, it is peculiarly dramatic, and supremely visible. It matters more than anything else to the islands' 7,000-odd year-round residents. It touches them every day of their lives in ways that struck me, one of the strangers, as both funny and sad. The islands are a marvelous place to visit but you might not want to live there. You probably couldn't afford to anyway.

Just off Fort Myers, Fla., they stab the warm currents of the Gulf of Mexico like a 20-mile sabre of sand. Their

maximum height is 14 feet. They are not big, which is part of the problem. They are no longer islands either, which is also part of the problem. In 1963, a string of bridges and causeways linked them to the mainland. That turned them into one, long, low, skinny peninsula. That also turned them into a condominium-developer's dream, a real-estate hustler's Main Chance, a hotel promoter's heaven and a day-tripper's delight. The stampede began immediately.

Before that, the human history on the islands was sparse but intriguing. It included the Caloosa Indians, seafarers who used an infinite residue of seashells to build a complex culture that ritualized human sacrifices; assorted Spanish conquistadores, led by Ponce de León, discoverer of Florida, wheeler-dealer in gold, seeker of The Fountain of Youth; pirate José Gaspar, who reputedly nabbed noblewomen and held them for ransom on the otherwise uninhabited Captiva; and, in later times, brave efforts to establish farms. Horrific hurricanes rolled tidal waves right over the islands and drove out the homesteaders.

But a few hundred people — mesmerized forever by the warm, natural

Sanibel offers exquisite bird-watching

magic of the islands and the bizarre wildlife that inspired Theodore Roosevelt to visit by boat in 1914 and 1916 — nevertheless hung in there. By the Thirties, small hotels catered to people who didn't mind taking a ferry and enduring the assaults of the salt-marsh mosquitoes in order to spend time in a place where the loudest noises were the cries of strange birds at dawn and the bellyflops of alligators at dusk. The poet Edna St. Vincent Millay came in 1936. Charles Lindbergh came, and so did his wife, author Anne Morrow Lindbergh. She later described "the extreme vividness and purity of island living."

Even then local conservationists knew they'd need an influential champion. They found him in J.N. "Ding" Darling, a Pulitzer Prize-winning political cartoonist who helped get the islands established as an official wildlife refuge. But as author Elinore M. Dormer wrote in *The Shell Islands*, Florida continued to sell bits of Sanibel's ecologically precious mangrove and hummock land to developers, and Darling "became quite hopeless over the blindness of Florida and turned his back on it, selling every inch of ground he owned there." He died in 1962, and though his island allies had fought the bridge-causeway all the way to the Supreme Court, it arrived the next year. The modern history of the islands had begun.

They were in Lee County, but it was unsympathetic to the locals' demands for controls on rampaging development. The building boom was so feverish the islanders feared their beloved haven for turtles, roseate spoonbills, and that gentle

aquatic mammal, the manatee, was becoming ■ vulgar Miami. So in 1974, they incorporated Sanibel and Captiva as a city. That put control of land use and zoning in their own hands. It did not, however, halt all development. Developers, too, were island residents, island voters. Incorporation, however, did transfer responsibility for the islands' future to the islands' people. They alone would decide the balance between commerce and nature. They'd make the rule on the numbers of hotel rooms, condominiums, time-share units, and indeed on how many people could legally sleep in which houses.

One result of the islanders' twin obsessions, nature and zoning laws, is that when you get bored plucking sea shells from North America's best beaches for plucking sea shells, you can always find hilarious reading in the local press. *The Island Reporter* and *The Islander* are competent, punchy, informative. They are also two of the weirdest publications I've ever read. This is because their editors are smart enough to recognize that for the islanders there are only two important stories in the entire world: Wildlife and zoning. Where other newspapers might carry a photo of Miss Universe, *The Island Reporter* offers the fabulous physique of "the goose-sized, double-crested cormorant." Where other newspapers might feature economic forecasts, *The Islander* trumpets, "Osprey Expert Predicts Good Year." Photo captions are from the no-nonsense school of journalism: "Cabbage palm leaf... Visitors stand among the sea oats on the beach... Lester Hagendorf points out a wild olive plant." He does, too.

If it weren't for these papers, I'd never have learned that shells in the margin family are "gang-type feeders" and "often grow only to the size of a pencil eraser, but they do sparkle in the sun!"; Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary manager Gerry Cutlip found "incredible numbers of dead birds [wood storks] hanging in trees," which was "nothing short of catastrophic"; and that thanks to an anonymous tip, scientists investigating the mysterious decline of the manatee had in their possession "the freshest carcass yet." Best of all, I learned how to revive a half-drowned sea turtle. Don't try mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Just turn him upside down and pump his lower shell with your foot.

The island press does not invariably line up with conservationists. Nor does it pussyfoot. When officials opened the federally funded "Ding" Darling Visitors' Centre, *The Islander* lashed the ceremony, lashed the feds, lashed the building itself. It was an "over-built dinosaur" in the style of "penitentiary modern," useful only as "a hurricane refuge." The paper said, "Even the most money-hungry Sanibel developers follow more conservation-oriented land-use standards than did the Department of the Interior, which arrogantly ignored" Sanibel's admirable land-use plan. Hang-



North America's best beaches for plucking seashells



TRAVEL

ing "Ding" Darling's etchings inside this spanking new monstrosity was "like hanging a picture of Christ in a house of ill repute."

"Remember the energetic hermit crab [at the annual Shell Show]?" a letter writer asked in *The Islander*. "Remember the beautiful sea anemone adorning her pear whelk? Sunday morning she moved into a King's Crown fossil and proceeded to transfer each of the three anemone flowers to her new white house!" But right beside the crab-lover's gushing, another reader expressed his outrage that officials had approved plans for a 10,000-person housing development on the very road that ran from Fort Myers to the islands. The road would be widened. The mob was getting closer. On one day last March, more than 7,300 motor vehicles crossed the bridge-causway, plunged through Sanibel's tiny heartland, spread suspect strangers across the fabulous shelling beaches.

That's the way it goes in the island press: "Federal Agency Begins Review of Wood Stork Status" is cheek-by-jowl with a yarn about police arresting a woman for offering 20 silver dollars to any stranger who'll submit to a sales pitch at a condo development. A photo of "the white ibis strolling through the shallow waters of the Bailey Tract" competes for space with "A Case Study in the War Over the Bedroom Ordinance."

The war was a classic Sanibel brouhaha. Paula Freund, a working mother of two, had rented a house for \$500 a month. To help pay the rent, she had four other adults in the house, including a bartender and a waitress who came and went at odd hours. But restrictions on the deed made all this illegal, and Freund therefore ran afoul of members of the Gumbo Limbo Homeowners' Association. Since scarcely any adult islander was actually born on the islands, these were probably northerners who'd saved all their lives to retire to a sub-tropical home in a nice, quiet, low-density neighborhood. They did not like Freund and her friends at all. One complained: "They were mostly the hippie-type who came to visit. Every week, there'd be another group moving in, a half-dozen fellows with those bands around their heads."

To foil Freund and her ilk, homeowners proposed a tough, new, legal definition of "single-family dwelling unit." It would be "a group of any size that is related by blood, marriage or adoption, together with required household servants; and a group not so related if there are no more than two persons together with required servants." Unmarried lovers would be OK but, please, only one couple per house.

Freund complained that nosy neighbors were watching and besetting her and her roomies, photographing them, jotting nasty things in notebooks, counting

the cars in her driveway. She buckled and moved her brood to a \$700-a-month house on another part of the island, but not without a parting shot. If the proposed definition of a single-family unit became law, she said, "there would be no more workers left on the island." Who'd serve the booze in the bars? Who'd serve food in Sanibel's excellent, crowded restaurants? A fellow named Bob Buntrock put in a word for Freund: "People who live on this island are going to have to realize that until housing is in reach of the average person, people will always double up. If this country gets any sadder, it might be the older people on fixed incomes who'll be the next to double up to survive." In a place where tourist bumf carefully explains that the local library offers books with extra-large type, his message might not have been universally popular.



Sea shells sparkle in the sun

Even routine police reports suggest Sanibel has too many people and, depending on how you look at it, maybe too many wild animals as well. Crass mainlanders set bonfires, bed down and drive cars on the beaches. The police must eject such law-breakers, but they must also eject raccoons and wildcats from houses. Alligators, like wood storks and manatees, are declining but they still settle in ponds where they're not wanted. Someone must eject these "nuisance alligators," or at least post warning signs. Judging from the number of stolen purses, wallets, watches, luggage and cameras, island hotels and parking lots are a thieves' heaven. Some robbers snatch hanging plants from gas stations and eateries. Others prefer fibreglass lawn ornaments. Drunk drivers, or simply bad drivers, are forever bowling over mail boxes. Fools torment birds, toss bottles from cars. Nor are flashers unknown on the sweet beaches of Sanibel. If I were one of the island-born old folks — and I suspect that such people are either extinct or at best an endangered species — I'd curse the day the highway link to the islands first opened.

One charm of both the press and tourist literature is their frankness about

natural unpleasanties. A Chamber of Commerce map warns, "Shuffle your feet in shallow water to scare away stingrays," and, "Don't feed the alligators; your arm may look like a marshmallow to them." A pamphlet advises that poison ivy abounds on a certain nature trail and that a plant called the white stopper "has a strong odor of a skunk."

"I just love the smell of a skunk," said the white-haired lady from Chicago, "but my husband won't let me plant the white stopper." She was the guide for a gang of us strangers while we slumped along a wetlands trail, and she was as loud and sunny as any American you'll ever meet. She was given to statements like these: "That's your fennel, kid-do. . . . Your black snake now, that's a really nice snake. . . . Lizards are fun. . . . That looks like a snowy egret but I can't see his feet. . . . Ospreys make rotten nests. . . . Wanna see a bug that looks like a leaf?"

We ambled among the cabbage palms, sea grape, Spanish bayonets, and the wild lime, coffee and cotton, and she found a basketball-sized tortoise for us. The strangler fig, the lady chirped, not only overcomes other plants, "it also strangles your septic tank and your swimming pool." She was impossibly happy, and it occurred to me that the conservation campaign gives older people here an invigorating mission that's lacking in the lives of well-heeled codgers in other parts of Florida. The Fountain of Youth seemed to have something to do with carrying on the good fight to keep at least part of Sanibel exactly as it was when Ponce de León first cruised these shores. Considering the odds, the islanders are doing all right. Sanibel offers exquisite bird-watching and footpaths through eerie forests that echo with jungle squawks.

Not only the wildlife, but also the shelling beaches, the painless ocean, the laving Gulf breeze, the sailing and the long green froth of the trees. . . they all made the islands more seductive than any of the other places I saw in Florida. Their fragility, their very vulnerability to hurricanes, erosion and human inundation made them precious, and I wanted to be rich enough to get to know them better.

"I'm an eight-four," the white-haired lady declared.

"A what?"

"An eight-four. I spend eight months here, and the other four at a cottage in northern Wisconsin [where she doubtless got an occasional fix of skunk odor]. Lots of people are ten-twos, or six-sixes."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I'm just a one-fifty-one."

"That's too bad," she said. "You should arrange your life better."

I wished I could. ☒

We're all jailbirds in a prison of jargon

Let's break out. Let's scale the walls of "grammatical gangrene"

Fifth in a series by Harry Bruce

A normally intelligent interviewer on CBC radio was chatting with a fellow who plays classical music on assorted saxophones, and everything was going along well until our host asked the virtuoso if the "acceptability quotient" for his music was increasing. With a snort of disgust, I punched a dashboard button and the radio gave me the more lyrical gobbledegook of Anne Murray.

If we knew exactly why the announcer let an abomination like "acceptability quotient" come tripping off his tongue then perhaps we would also know why almost all of us are both the jailers and the jailbirds in a prison of jargon. Richard Gambino, an American professor of education, said the use of misplaced technical jargon serves "three marvellously useful purposes of evasion":

First, it creates a code to mask what is happening. Among the military, the word "bombings" disappears in favor of "air support." But then "air support" disappears in favor of "protective reaction air strikes" and, finally, even that becomes "limited duration protective reaction air strikes." A phrase like that increases the difficulty of remembering what a big bomb can do to a small village. Similarly, many big companies no longer fire executives; instead, the unwanted are "selected out." This lends a certain gentility to the act of canning some poor slob who's outlived his corporate usefulness.

Second, jargon which is legitimate in one field lends respectability to dubious behavior in another. As Gambino puts it, "Any falsehood, no matter how malicious, and any indoctrination, no matter how unconscionable, is 'consciousness raising' . . . An error in planning is not called a 'mistake' for this term raises depressing questions like personal competency and accountability. It is a 'short fail.' . . . Bureaucrats and office-seekers tell us what are 'acceptable rates' of crime, unemployment and casualties. The mugged, the raped, jobless people and those killed and maimed in battle need not reply." Speaking of battle victims, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., historian and sometimes backroom luminary in U.S. presidential affairs, has said: "The official patter about 'attrition,' 'pacification,' 'defoliation,' 'body counts,' 'progressive squeeze-and-talk,' sterilized the frightful reality of napalm and My Lai."

Third, appropriated jargon serves a priesthood mystique. Those who know the secret lingo are like kids who are

fluent in pig Latin. They feel superior to those who've not yet learned to toss about parameters, terminal objectives, exogenous variables, viable conceptualizations, cost analysis inputs, substantive outputs, printouts, norms, quotas, quotients, scenarios, programmed priority determinations, zero defect systems, resource persons, game plans, time frames, open classrooms, individualized instruction, pupil stations and combat emplacement evacuators. (Pupil stations, by the way, are desks. Combat emplacement evacuators are shovels.)

Gambino also referred to the idiot poetry of abused metaphors and similes. Their purpose is to "coat questions with obscuring layers of sugar or poison." Spying becomes "surveillance." Money is "laundered." Those in authority do not lie and bribe; they merely "contain situations." We do not expose foul practices by public officials; we merely "ventilate" them. They are not crimes,

"But the enemies of clean, unequivocal language are not all lurking behind bureaucrats' desks, the postures of politicians and the bland utterances of army public relations men"

anyway; they are merely "horror stories." We "develop" information; and that, of course, means just about anything and therefore just about nothing.

"Insofar as we become addicted to this blather," Gambino decided, "it is pointless to speak of political or moral responsibility on the part of officials or the public." The newspeak not only makes it impossible to fix questions of personal responsibility; it also makes it impossible even to discuss them.

Daniel Dieterich, another American teacher who's worried about linguistic pollution, said that "at the heart of the matter is the lie." (The *New Yorker* magazine, commenting on Richard Nixon's analysis of the Watergate transcripts, said, "He unveils a swamp

and instructs us to see a garden of flowers.") Dieterich agreed with George Orwell that doublespeak was a threat not only to language but to thought as well: "Using a phrase such as 'the elimination of undesirable elements' as a substitute for 'murder' is more than just a circumlocution. It is an attack on the humanitarian principles upon which our civilization is founded."

But the enemies of clean, unequivocal language are not all lurking behind bureaucrats' desks, the postures of politicians and the bland utterances of army public relations men. "The purity of language," Schlesinger said, "is under unrelenting attack from every side — from professors as well as from politicians, from newspapermen as well as from advertising men, from men of the cloth as well as from men of the sword . . . Social fluidity, moral pretension, political and literary demagoguery, corporate and academic bureaucratization and a false conception of democracy are leading us into semantic chaos."

Schlesinger believed many Americans had come to feel "a real hatred of doubletalk and a hunger for bluntness and candor." Since the public passions of the United States traditionally infect Canada, we may reasonably expect that Canadians will soon share this hatred. Let us hope so. Let us pray that, in this case anyway, there is no cultural lag whatsoever; and that, all together, North Americans will give a resounding raspberry to linguistic pollution. If the super-nationalists will forgive me, certain causes cry out for continentalism, for a Canadian-American marriage of effort. The war on what *Newsweek* called "grammatical gangrene" is surely one of them.

I am not as sure as some jargon-haters seem to be that bum language alone can bring Western civilization crashing vengefully down on all our depraved typewriters and sinful tongues, but I know it's stupefyingly boring.

Indeed, my "acceptability quotient" for phrases like "acceptability quotient" has limited parameters and, as of this particular time frame, my conceptualization of my mental situation, sanity-wise, is that if I have to endure one more scenario in which a substantive sequence of jargon inputs is programmed into my word-processing operations centre . . . well, I may just unload a limited duration protective reaction air strike on somebody. Failing that, I'll simply run screaming from my pupil station to the nearest terminal objective: A dark bar in which a slug of booze is a slug of booze is a slug of booze. ☒

FOLKS



LaBillois: Back to the basics in Micmac

Our language is our priority," says Margaret LaBillois, a grandmother who's doing her bit to preserve Micmac culture and language for children of the Eel River Bar Reserve in northern New Brunswick. This year, her third on the job, LaBillois teaches 30 Indian children in Grades 1 to 8 at the L.E. Reinsborough School in nearby Dalhousie. "We teach language mostly," she says, "but we set time aside for culture, too." Her classes include leather-making, basketry, beading and the retelling of ancient Micmac tales (in English). "We've lost our language," she laments. "Our children have been integrated in the district schools for nearly 30 years. We had to do something." She's had to go back to basics and teach the youngsters to say "yes" and "no" in Micmac. The experience has occasionally been frustrating. But, she says, "the ones who want to are able to pick it up well." Besides, "it took us 40 years to lose the language, and it may take us another 40 to get it back. But at least we're at the beginning."

According to his father, 12-year-old Nhat-Viet Phi of Moncton has been "humming to classical music" since he was three. These days he's doing much more. Earlier this year, he won piano competitions against older performers at provincial festivals in Saint John and Moncton. Then, in August, he went to Toronto to compete with nine other contestants, all of them university students or graduates, at the National Competitive Festival of Music. There he became the youngest participant ever to win a top

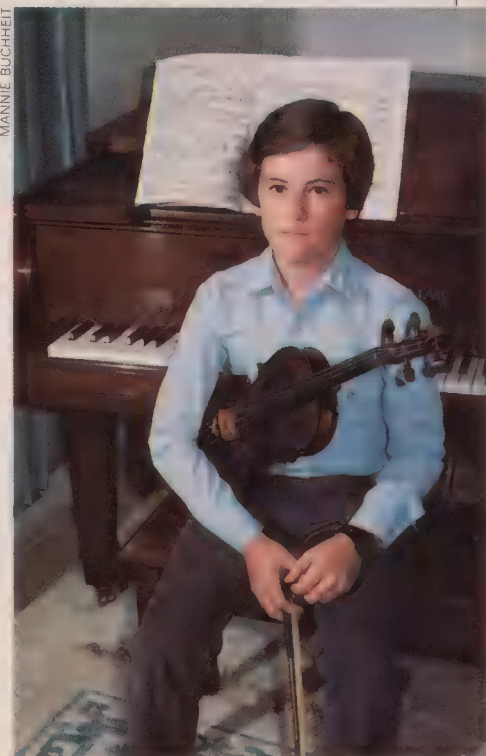
award, a \$1,000 Bank of Commerce scholarship. Known to his friends and family as "Toto," the young prodigy practises a relatively modest one-and-one-half hours a day and has a range of other interests, including drawing, swimming, karate and video games. His teacher, Sister Claudette Melanson, an associate professor of piano at the Université de Moncton and director of New Brunswick's renowned Notre Dame d'Acadie Music School, says Toto is a "very, very normal person" in all things but his music. "He keeps me very alert," she says. His father, Duc, an engineering professor, modestly adds that his son's string of victories "indicates he has some musical ability." Toto, who's already thinking about the future, says, "It would be a nice idea to be a concert pianist, but I'm not sure at all."

John Cousins laughs when you ask if he calls himself a folklorist. "Better say I'm a teacher, too — no one was ever able to eat on being a folklorist." However, Cousins, 37, has been living, eating and breathing Island folk culture since his childhood in Campbellton, a fishing village on P.E.I.'s west coast. At the first Island Folk Festival, held recently in West Prince, Cousins was a featured performer with songs and stories from the days before TV and radio. "The 20th century hadn't penetrated to West Prince when I was a boy. People relied on the traditional forms of entertainment and the oral part of our culture was very strong," says Cousins. Now a high school history teacher, Cousins tries to show his students the beauty and richness of their own culture. He remembers his own realization of its value, when a visiting professor came to his town collecting the songs of Larry Gorman, an Island songwriter of the late 1800s. "That was an awakening. I hadn't realized these things were interesting to others outside the province." Some of the traditional songs relate to tragedies, such as "Peter Emberly," the story of a young man from the Dock Road who was killed in the Miramichi; others "have a very strong satiric theme, poking fun at your neighbors. These are the ones people enjoy the most, and they

seem to last longer." Although Cousins plays the guitar, he often sings without accompaniment because, he says, it's truer to the tradition. "The old singers didn't want their stories cluttered up."

Nineteen-year-old Andrew Murray appears in paint-splattered jeans and a shirt during a break from painting a set for a play at Halifax's Neptune Theatre. It's certainly not Murray's first exposure to theatre. "I've been designing sets since I was 11," says Murray, a native of Antigonish, N.S., whose whole family is involved in theatre. Neptune's artistic director, John Neville, spotted him when he was a 14-year-old, working on a set for an amateur production. Neville told Murray he'd call him soon to work with Neptune. He didn't. Several years later when Murray — a talented artist who's currently doing several commissioned works — enrolled in the fine arts program at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., he got the call. "I was kind of shocked," he says. "Then I realized what an opportunity it was." Last fall Murray became Neptune's artist-in-residence, a designing apprenticeship, for a one-year term. "It's very demanding," he says. "I'm making a lot of mistakes." He can't be making too many: Neville recently asked him to design the sets for Neptune's upcoming production of George Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*.

By any standards, John Edstrom of St. John's, Nfld., is one busy 14-year-old. Besides keeping up with his Grade



Edstrom: "I just enjoy myself"

9 school work load, he's concertmaster for the Newfoundland Youth Orchestra and plays violin for the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra. Does a full schedule of studying, rehearsals and concerts with the Symphony seem a lot for someone his age? "Nah," he says. "I just enjoy myself. It comes out better that way." While keeping up with the orchestra's rehearsal schedule, taking violin lessons every week and practising an average of two hours a day, John finds time to get involved with almost every musical event in St. John's. And the violin's not his only instrument. As a pianist, he's won awards in national music competitions, and he plays duets with his sister Karen, 16, ■ clarinetist. In November, he was part of the Symphony group in a production of *Finian's Rainbow* at the Arts and Culture Centre. For the cool-headed young musician, who's played with the Symphony since age 11, all of this is a way of having fun. "You've got to enjoy what you're doing," he says. "Otherwise, you'll hate it."

The glow from the propane-fired furnace warms the face of P.E.I. glass blower **Pat Stanley** as he deftly handles his 53-inch-long stainless steel blowpipe. At one end is a spinning globe of molten steel, the consistency of liquid honey, slowly evolving into a shining, deep blue vase with decorative trails of opaque white. Stanley, 28, who learned his craft in college and through apprenticeship, has been blowing glass for eight years. "From the first time I picked up a pipe, it felt great," he says. "It's immensely fun stuff to work with." His studio in Orwell Corner is the only one operating in the Maritimes, and his mauve, amber and blue Art Deco-style vases are sold across the country. Stanley grew up in Saint John, N.B., but spent summers in P.E.I., where his great-grandfather Sir

Andrew MacPhail owned the land on which the concrete-block studio now stands. "Ever since I started blowing glass, I've wanted to come back," Stanley says. He shares the studio with his wife, Helen, ■ potter. His brother Allan is business manager. Moving to P.E.I. has its disadvantages; the propane bill is about \$500 a week, and travelling to craft shows is expensive, too. But to balance things, the Stanleys have received financial help from the P.E.I. government. Last year, Stanley won the top award in the P.E.I. handcraft show for a tall cylindrical vase, and a few people are starting to collect his work. "I wanted to do it in the east," he says. "People in Toronto think the east coast is a backwater as far as crafts go." Stanley's elegant glass pieces are one of the proofs they're wrong.

DAVID NICHOLS



Stanley: An award-winning glass blower with a national market

When **Yvon Brunet** speaks of physical fitness to his students at the Park View Education Centre in Bridgewater, N.S., they sit up and listen. After all, their French teacher

is a former Mr. Universe. Brunet, 48, a Montreal native, began bodybuilding exercises in his backyard at age 17. He graduated to local gyms and finally discovered bodybuilding was a good way to spend long hours at sea after he joined the navy in Halifax in 1954. Gearing his naval leaves to coincide with competitions, Brunet won the Mr. Montreal title in 1957 and the Mr. Canada title two years later. (He shared this honor with his twin brother.) In 1961, he competed in one of three categories for the Mr. Universe title in Brooklyn, N.Y. In the short class — up to five-foot-seven — he won in a field of 25 competitors. One thing he remembers about these events is rubbing baby oil on his limbs to "bring out the shine and ripples in your body." In bodybuilding, he says, "ego is involved, but it's a sport the same as hockey. You challenge others." And like other conscientious athletes, bodybuilders follow a rigid exercise and diet program. To get in shape, Brunet says, you have to practise an hour a day, five days a week. Today, he stays fit by swimming, canoeing and jogging. And he still believes firmly that bodybuilding "promotes good eating and sleeping habits." ☒

ALBERT LEE



Brunet: A 1961 Mr. Universe, still in good form

A maverick teacher takes on the evolutionists

To many of his fellow scientists, University of P.E.I. geology professor Baird Judson is as obsolete as a dinosaur. To people who believe the Bible's version of how the universe began, he probably looks like another rare creature — an ally from the scientific community. Judson, 49, sees himself as a leader of a new wave of scientific thought: He's the only teacher at a Canadian public university to teach the highly controversial theory of scientific creationism.

"I'm probably one of the leaders in reaching students," he says of his role in the debate between creationists and evolutionists. "Whoever wins the war with students wins the war."

Creationism is one of civilization's oldest theories. It says that a supernatural act created, in a short time, a world with all kinds of beasts, fishes, birds and plant life. What is fairly new is the idea of backing up creationism with scientific theory, rather than (or in addition to) the Book of Genesis.

Judson, who was born and raised in Alexandra, P.E.I., is a churchgoer who describes himself as a non-denominationalist (brought up in the United Church, he occasionally attends Baptist Church services and a Presbyterian Bible study group). He's believed in the creationist theory, he says, since he started teaching at UPEI in 1966.

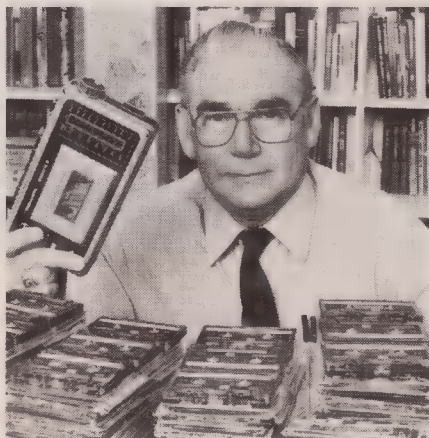
But Judson is not teaching the Bible in the introductory geology classes that have caused a minor storm at UPEI. "Many people think that evolution is science and creationism is religion," he says. The course, he assures his students, "is a scientific course. There will be some things that are controversial, but the evidence of science will determine the case."

Judson is swimming against the tide of generally accepted scientific opinion on how the world began. A modern version of Charles Darwin's 19th-century theory (that man evolved from lower animal forms) proposes a chance combination of chemicals which gradually evolved into a one-celled creature. Evolutionists believe that, over several billion years, the single-celled organism evolved into a more complex life form through gene mutations and survival of the hardiest species.

For generations, nearly every classroom in North America has taught the theory of evolution as a fact. But the creationists haven't disappeared. They've simply armed themselves with

the analytical weapons of science that once destroyed their own credibility.

In their arsenal are half a dozen scientific laws and theories which they claim support their concept of origins. For example, the second law of thermodynamics says that all systems tend toward the state of disorder or randomness: Stars burn out, mountains erode, active chemicals become inactive compounds. On the other hand, evolution, the creationists state, demands a law where systems increase their order and complexity in order to explain how simple life can evolve into complex animals; the second law of thermodynamics can be proved in the laboratory, while evolution can only be speculated upon.



Judson with his teaching cassettes

Creationists also use the theory of probability to dispute the chance formation of life from chemicals, or the random mutation of genes required to produce a more complex life form. Mathematicians say it would be easier to find a battleship in your backyard than for such a chance to happen, even once in billions of years. The discovery of human tracks and a dinosaur's in the same fossil formation (the Cretaceous Glen Rose formation of central Texas) also baffles evolutionists, since dinosaurs pre-date man by millions of years. And the legendary missing link is missing yet.

"The missing link is a problem," admits Ninian LeBlanc, chairman of UPEI's biology department. "As bizarre as some of Professor Judson's ideas are, I think it is healthy for the students."

Judson, an engineering graduate of the University of New Brunswick and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, began teaching his geology course at UPEI in 1975, starting with a class of 60.

By 1978, enrolment had soared to 124. "That's when the panic button hit," he says. "A lot of the administration and faculty were concerned that such a large number were being informed from a creationist point of view. There was a lot of pressure from faculty members. Let's face it. In many courses here, evolution is taught as a fact."

Judson sympathizes with his opponents, however. "It's not their fault," he says. "They're honest and sincere people. They're just uninformed. When they heard I was teaching creationism, they reacted much the same as other people. They thought I was teaching the Bible. It's just not so." Since then, Judson has countered with a one-man effort to educate the educators. Last year, he bought 100 books on scientific creationism and gave copies to nearly half the UPEI faculty as Christmas presents. After reading his, one professor observed: "I didn't even know there was another theory."

Judson's geology class, which is required for engineering students and optional for other science students, now has an enrolment of 100; only 5%, Judson says, take the course because they have to. And most, he claims, end up believing that the weight of scientific evidence favors creationism. But what is most important, Judson says, is that a student learns to give a reasonable defence of whatever he believes. "It is important that equal time be given to both the evolution and creation models," he says. "It is important that theories be presented as theories and not as facts, and both be presented in such a way that students will learn to think for themselves."

One former student, Macrae Morse, a graduate biology student at Halifax's Dalhousie University, found that Judson's approach spurred him to dig beneath the surface for answers and "made you reconsider your point of view." Another graduate student, Paul Robinson, finds himself "ambivalent toward each theory." Judson also has launched a few firebrands. Former UPEI Senate member Immanuel Imobilé was a business major who registered for extra science courses just to challenge the orthodox stance of evolutionist professors. Now a doctoral student at the university of Alabama, he gives public lectures and debates in support of scientific creationism.

Judson's also sowing the seeds of creationism through his classroom technology. His teaching tools include cassette tapes of debates between evolutionists and creationists. He gives cassettes to every student in his class. "Here on the Island, students go home on the weekend," Judson says. "They play the tapes at home and talk to their families about creationism. Without any help from anybody, I can get the message out to people."

— Finley Martin



Market Square (centre) opens up the waterfront again as a meeting and market place

A facelift for a grand, old lady

Saint John, N.B., is losing its grey, grimy image. And with good reason. The new, waterfront complex that opens this spring is only one of the projects that are transforming this 200-year-old city

By Roma Senn

Elegant Victorian buildings sporting new facelifts slope gently down cobblestoned King Street to the harbor. In the spring, Market Square — a swishy, new, \$71-million complex containing a trade and convention centre, library, shops and restaurants — opens on the waterfront. Nearby, on Prince William Street, businesses have refurbished some of the fine buildings along a street recently named a national historic site. A few blocks away, new homeowners are sprucing up smart, brick townhouses that not long ago seemed doomed. This is Saint John, N.B., a city of 80,521 (metropolitan population 114,048) that used to smell even worse than it looked. And it looked grimy and grey. A rotten-egg smell spewed from the Irving Pulp and Paper mill until the company finally installed a scrubber. There's still a faint smell. But Canada's first incorporated city — created in 1785 — is beginning to shape up.

"This is an exciting time to be living in Saint John," says Vancouver-born Kenneth Kelly, a municipal neighborhood planner. Lately, people have discovered their city has features worth saving. There's warm red brick everywhere. After the disastrous 1877 fire that

destroyed the central business district (they don't say downtown in Saint John) and much of the residential south end, builders reconstructed Saint John in brick and stone in, as one city brochure says, "an even grander fashion than before." The similar architecture ties the city together, gives it a sense of style.

Not long ago, no one seemed to care. Wreckers demolished historic houses simply to create vacant lots. Handsome office buildings stood empty on Prince William Street, a once thriving financial district where big bucks changed hands on the street at Chubb's Corner and the banks bulged. A few years ago, the vacancy rate reached 40%. For nearly a decade Common Council wavered between razing or improving the 10 city-owned buildings. Kelly called it "preservation by default."

Now businesses have bought some of the buildings, converted them to trendy offices and shops, filled with hanging plants, skylights and exposed-brick walls. The city is trying to sell the rest — "living museums" as Kelly calls them. They're boarded up, doors gouged, awaiting a kind touch. One of them, Old City Hall, deserted by city staff in the early Seventies, contains such features as a magnificent, 10-foot-high mahogany

fireplace. Kelly is confident buyers will snap up the rest of the buildings, which are selling for as little as \$20,000 (renovations average \$150,000). "The others are models of what could be done," Kelly says. The Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada says the Prince William streetscape is "of national, historic and architectural significance." Some people believe the street contains the finest collection of 19th-century buildings in the Maritimes.

Uptown Saint John is mending, too. "Ten years ago this looked like a depressed area to shop," says Gary Smith, an uptown businessman. "Not much was really happening." The city lost its main department store, and shoppers, many of whom had moved to the suburbs anyway, turned to one of the five suburban malls. Between 1976 and 1981, the city's population dropped 17%.

Today, people like Jo-Ann and Kenneth Kelly are picking up townhouses uptown for a song (less than \$50,000), fixing them up and enjoying the conveniences of city living. "I think people are looking for an incentive to come back," Kelly says. But the area does have problems. The crime rate is higher than in the suburbs, and mortgage companies consider the area risky. When the Kellys finally found a company who'd give them a mortgage on the house, they had to pay more than the going rate. John Shackleton, another uptown resident, calls the area "marginal," but he's

CITIES

hopeful it's going to come back. "I went where I did," he says, "because I believe in uptown Saint John."

Uptown began to show signs of recovery in the late Seventies when Brunswick Square, a mall and badly needed hotel, opened near the waterfront. Shoppers began to combine trips there with a visit to the famous, 106-year-old farmers' market — soon to receive a \$1.3-million facelift. Eventually pedestrian links will join the market and Brunswick Square with Market Square. Business has already started to improve. "There's not one vacancy on Charlotte Street," says Gary Smith, president of the Saint John Central Business Development Corp. There could be more good news too.

Saint John residents plan to raise \$1 million in a year to buy the former Imperial Theatre, now owned by the Pentecostal Full Gospel Assembly. Once, Gracie Fields, Ethel Barrymore and Walter Pidgeon (visiting his home town) performed in the 70-year-old, neo-classical structure. Now, Saint John, a working-class city, has no theatre or cultural centre. A recent fund-raising meeting drew an astonishing turnout — 1,000 people. "People are pulling together," says campaign chairman Jack MacDougall. "Unquestionably this has captured the imagination." When the city's grand, old Admiral Beatty Hotel — headquarters for the fund-raisers — closed in November, they received three other offers of rent-free offices. Businessmen say a theatre would help the area.

As host of the 1985 Canada Summer Games, Saint John is getting some much needed athletic facilities too: An \$8-million three-level brick building near Market Square that includes an eight-lane, 50-metre pool, whirlpools, sauna, weight room and multipurpose area.

Businessmen are also encouraged by the province's promised Mainstreet Program, which would help foot the costs of improving commercial facades. Some of the buildings look shabby. Some interiors haven't been updated in years.

But there's nothing dowdy about Market Square, a red brick complex

located on the only undeveloped spot on Saint John's heavily industrialized waterfront. Before the project began, no one ventured near the dilapidated wharfs. "It was dangerous to go out there," remembers Derek Fletcher, Market Square project manager.

The Square opens up the waterfront again as a public meeting and market place, a window on the water that tastefully combines old and new. Specially colored and textured brick, the "Rocca blend" — after developer Pat Rocca — incorporates seven old warehouses into the complex. Inside is the atrium, an airy public square. More than 60 retailers soon will move to sites around the atrium. (Market Square's opening in May coincides with city cele-

munity meeting and market place, selling everything from fish to candy to hard-boiled eggs. Historian Huia Ryder has noted that in 1799, you'd find "cartmen, draymen, handcarts and sawyers, hucksters and labourers all over the place."

Their modern counterparts will soon fill the centre's convention and trade facilities, which can accommodate 1,500. The conventions, already booked until mid-1985, should give the city's sluggish economy a boost. "We're going to put Moncton out of business," Smith says smugly, "and take a bite out of Halifax."

Everything about Market Square seems organized. Even construction's ahead of schedule. But for developer Pat Rocca, it's been a long haul — seven

years to get Market Square off the ground. The federal, provincial and civic governments are sharing the costs in an unusual setup. John Shackleton of the Market Square Corporation, the project overseer and landowner, wonders how it took place in *only* seven years. "There are so many things that make this different," he says. There is, for example, a shopping centre that includes a library that has one of the best views of the harbor. The project will also include a 200-room hotel, senior citizens' housing, apartments and luxury condominiums to cost about \$200,000. Saint John's vacancy rate is increasing but Shackleton says there's a shortage of "quality" houses up-



Jo-Ann and Kenneth Kelly work on their uptown townhouse

brations marking the 200th anniversary of the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists.)

Saint John has approached waterfront redevelopment differently from seaside cities such as Halifax. There, critics say waterfront development has chased out industry to create a tourist fairyland. In Saint John, industry has called the shots.

In the past the area around Market Square hummed with activity. When the American Revolution ended in 1783, 14,000 Loyalists arrived there. A landscaped plaza marks the spot. Later, other immigrants — many of them fleeing the potato famine in Ireland, arrived at the same place. The square served as a com-

town. The housing, he says, is crucial to the revitalization, and it's "the thing that brought this together."

Pat Rocca sees Market Square as one part of a complete revitalization. "In isolation it would not be successful," he says. It's hard to find anyone doubting its success. In other waterfront cities, retailers have complained about financing competition with their own tax dollars, which help pay for government-supported waterfront facilities. There's no such complaint in Saint John. "It will help us," Smith says. He sees good days ahead for the port city. "The myth of grubby, old Saint John is starting to diminish," he says. "People are proud to be here now."

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If Aching Eighties are bad Dirty Thirties were worse

So far, anyway. Feel better? Sure you do

Tough though the times may be, they were once a whole lot tougher. I can barely remember the Dirty Thirties myself. I was only four in 1939 when George VI, "the Sailor King," and Queen Elizabeth came to town, but I do recall a family crisis. Just as my mother was rounding up us kids to go downtown and wave at George and Elizabeth, my red-headed baby brother locked himself inside our second-floor bathroom and started to wail. Mother called the fire department. A cheerful firefighter mounted a ladder, jimmied the bathroom window, climbed in and freed the tiny inmate. The king was boyishly handsome, the queen was simply lovely.

The times weren't specially tough on my family. We actually had a series of maids. Cecilia, a French-Canadian maid, struck me as much more authoritative than George VI. After Cecilia twisted your wrist, you tended to obey her. I may even have sworn allegiance to her. Parents did not have to be rich to have a maid during the Depression. Maids came cheap. Hiring one was a contribution to the well-being of society. It was like launching a tiny make-work project, a longer-term commitment than simply letting some bum chop wood in return for a square meal. We weren't rich. My father was a newspaperman, bringing home maybe \$35 a week. But the money was sure, the job safe, and anyone with a steady income could get along very nicely, thank you. In 1937, 25 cents fetched two pounds of pork sausages, a dozen eggs, or two tins of pork and beans. For 20 cents, you could get a pound of round steak, lamb chops or ham cuts, or six big salt herring. "We really had good times in the Thirties," a Nova Scotian industrialist once told me. "They were the happiest and best years of my life. We used to say, 'We've got \$2.50. What'll we do? Will we buy a quart of good scotch, or will we buy 10 shares of Abitibi or Dominion Tar?' Very often, the scotch won out."

But then there were the others, millions of them. Brother, can you spare a dime? I try to imagine myself going door-to-door, begging for clothing, shoes, food, a cup of tea, a moment beside a wood stove. But like an actor who can't get a grip on a part, I can never quite *feel* the hobo's life. My imagination's not good enough. Having to bum for my supper is too far removed from anything I've ever known. It's hard for

those who've always been comfortable to put themselves inside the skins of the extremely uncomfortable. If I'd been born 20 years earlier than I was, I might have learned about the Depression the unforgettable way, but I guess I was lucky.

Some argue that the Depression wasn't all that cruel for Maritimers because hard times had already toughened them, and because farmers and fishermen knew how to raise their own food and heat their own homes. But if there's truth in this theory, it certainly did not apply to industrial Nova Scotia. In a desperate letter (published in the book *The Dirty Thirties*, 1972) to Prime Minister R.B. Bennett in 1934, an old man said, "For more than 50 years, I have been connected with the coal and steel activities at New Glasgow and Trenton; during all that time I have never seen the situation so grave. . . . My house is besieged front door, back door and side door from early in the morning till long past the dewy eve. A couple of evenings ago I had a visit from three different widows who have boys between the ages of 16 and 20 years without employment, and who are absolutely destitute." His daughter had given away every scrap of spare clothing in the house, and he was wearing his last pair of pants.

"I remember the first time people came to our door looking for food," Jean Burton recently told the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*. "There were four of them and one was sick. 'Please give us some food for the sick man,' they begged. 'The rest of us can just drink water. It's worse here than it was in Germany.' All four got something to eat." A neighbor phoned to warn her a bum was heading her way, looking for shoes. She'd recognize him because he was wearing a sneaker on one foot and a high-buttoned woman's boot on the other. Burton gave the fellow a pair of hunting boots. "Around '33, there wasn't a day went by that somebody wasn't fed at our house," one of Canada's top corporation lawyers told me. His mother had been a widow. She'd run a small farm outside Stellarton, N.S., and as the drifters "popped off the trains, she gave them odd jobs and fed them." Once, and only once, a hulking bum grew menacing in her kitchen. But his voice aroused the family collie, and he left the property with a chunk missing from the arse of his pants.

Another Nova Scotian widow, this



one with five children, learned to her horror that her landlord planned to raise her rent from \$5 to \$8. She couldn't pay it, and took her problem to the local office of the coal miners' union. In Barry Broadfoot's terrific book *Ten Lost Years, 1929-1939*, an ex-miner described what happened next. He said miners dragged the man from his house, ripped his clothes off, poured hot tar all over him, "and they rolled him back and forth, pulled him up and down in the loose gravel and dust of his own lane. . . . I got down on one knee and I said close to his face, 'Don't you raise that widow's rent one red cent. You got that?' He never did."

Miners, in those days, got few moments of satisfaction.

No book better evokes the smell of the Depression in Canada, and the grit of those who survived its ravages, than *Ten Lost Years*. Listen, for instance, to the anonymous Nova Scotian who told interviewer-author Broadfoot about his boyhood diet: "Late potatoes, potatoes we'd picked off the fields after the farmers had taken what they wanted. They were usually frozen and going bad. Fish heads, guts, boiled in a big stew, and the goddamn ocean was full of fish. Tea. Not store tea, Indian tea, spruce buds my mother had collected out of the woods. Maple sugar, what my mother and the kids scraped out of the sugar-boiling vats in the spring. . . . And every morning, two slices of bread with sugar, the crust out of the vats, and that goddamned cod liver oil that my old man, when he wasn't drunk, would brew out of the fish guts the captains would give him."

"We had no shoes, not even in winter. We used woollen socks and rubbers. . . . I've seen us without coal oil for the lamp. So the whole bunch of us. . . we'd be in bed just after supper. Say, six o'clock." Without television, without even radio. Just three adults and five kids, reeking of cod liver oil, trying to keep warm in their beds from the death of daylight till the birth of daylight, night after night after night. Most of us have never had to live like that. How would we treat one another? With generosity or harshness? With courage or meanness? With humor, or a contagious ill will? With love, or a spreading corrosion of despair? We do not know, and maybe we should pray that things we cannot control will never force us to find out. ☒

Stratasphere hits TV's high notes

The tempestuous opera star Teresa Stratas met her match in the relentless film-maker Harry Rasky. And he met his. The result is television magic

Review by Martin Knelman

Picture the scene. Teresa Stratas, the poor little Greek girl who rose from the slums of Toronto to sing triumphantly on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, is trying to say no to Harry Rasky. Stratas is almost as famous for her tempestuous personality, her fierce will, her need for solitude and her penchant for last-minute cancellations as for her electrifying talent, but when it came to Harry Rasky, she had no idea what she was up against. Rasky is a relentless pursuer of the great and famous, and he doesn't take no for an answer. How could she be expected to know that when you try to duck Harry Rasky, he'll follow you around with reels of his old films under his arm, and sensing the moment when your resistance is low, pressure you to sit through screenings of them and afterward tell you how wonderful they are.

We are speaking, after all, of the man who once took a taxi from Monte Carlo to Marc Chagall's house in St. Paul de Vence, and arrived unannounced with the expectation of filming a documentary feature about Chagall's life and art. (That didn't work at first, but after Rasky got the mayor of Jerusalem to pressure Mme. Chagall, the stubborn old genius relented. By Rasky's own account, when he finally screened *Chagall: The Colors of Love* for his subject, Chagall mildly suggested that the film could be cut. Rasky pointed to Chagall's paintings on the wall and asked which part of his work he would cut, and Chagall recanted, saying, "Of course you must cut nothing. It is perfect. It is like a Chagall painting, full of little secrets, a work of love.")

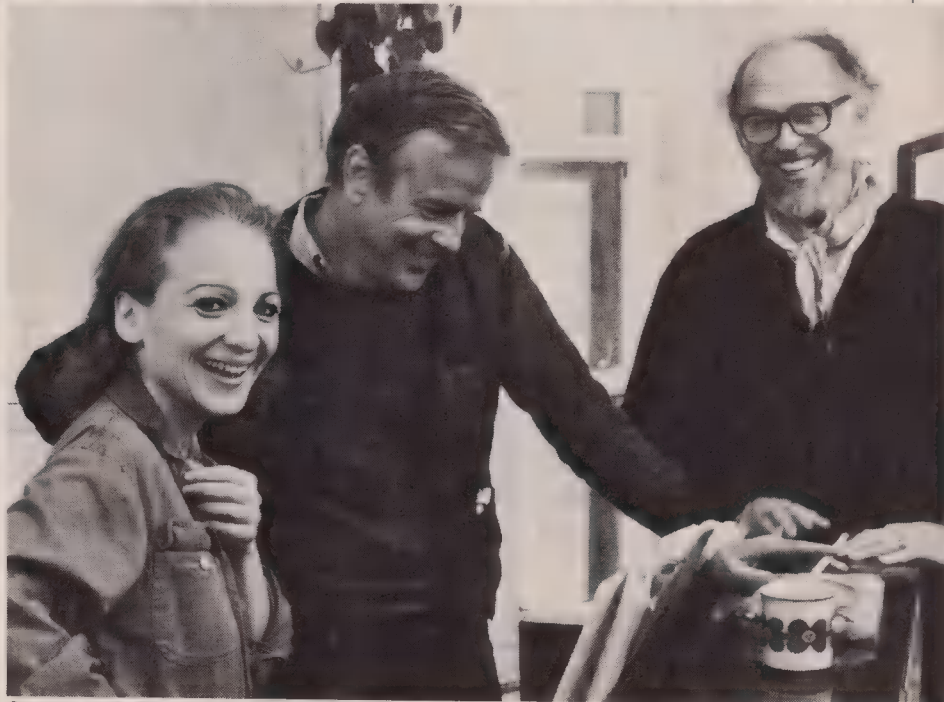
Shouldn't someone have warned Teresa Stratas that Harry Rasky had an ego and a wilfulness, nurtured like hers in the streets of Toronto, to match her own? How could she have guessed that once you agree to consider the question of Rasky's work, he will talk for days about the other artists and celebrities who were reluctant at first but then became devoted allies of Rasky, and tell you in detail, one by one, about the awards, citations and hosannas his other films have garnered? Naïve peasant girl that will always be somewhere at the core of her being, Stratas foolishly demurred at first on grounds of modesty and the need for privacy. Rasky got her to read his book *Nobody Swings on Sunday*:

The Many Lives and Films of Harry Rasky, and she learned that he was an immigrant boy who scrambled up from the teeming netherworld of St. Clair West, where as a boy he used to deliver freshly killed chickens to his parents' customers. Although she didn't want to do the film, she did want to talk about their shared experience. So he moved in with the *coup de grace*: He told her this wouldn't really be a film about Teresa Stratas, it would be a film about immigrants.

Rasky's 90-minute documentary *Stratasphere*, which will be shown on the CBC Jan. 12, is only incidentally a film about immigrants. What holds it together is the mesmerizing personality of Stratas

strates the range of choices in *Lulu* — all the different meanings that a particular snatch of the music could have, depending on how she delivers it. She describes, in winningly mock-solemn terms, her battles with the score of *Lulu*, which she thrusts in our faces to show what a tattered mess she has made of it. "I've raped the score, I've loved it, I've killed it, we've had our ultimate battle, and it's all in my head now."

Like the legendary Maria Callas, Stratas is a woman of instinctive theatricality. Opera, she explains, takes things that are past being talked about and allows you to express them. With Stratas, we get the sense that the performance provides a release and a focus for all the thoughts and overwhelming feelings she has experienced during her frenetic life. During the period when Rasky filmed her, her hair was flaming red, as it had been for her roles in *Lulu*



Stratas with film and opera producer Franco Zeffirelli (centre) and Harry Rasky

herself, who dominates the TV screen with an intriguing balance of intensity and elusiveness. Even if you've been lucky enough to see her perform in full flight in one of her great signature roles — in the title role of Alan Berg's *Lulu*, say, or playing Mimi in the Zeffirelli production of *La Bohème*, or as Jenny in *Mahagonny* — and you've read the revealing profile of her published in *The New Yorker* two years ago, the film will make you feel you know Stratas in a much more intimate way. In perhaps the film's best sequence, Stratas demon-

strates the range of choices in *Lulu* — all the different meanings that a particular snatch of the music could have, depending on how she delivers it. She describes, in winningly mock-solemn terms, her battles with the score of *Lulu*, which she thrusts in our faces to show what a tattered mess she has made of it. "I've raped the score, I've loved it, I've killed it, we've had our ultimate battle, and it's all in my head now."

The *New Yorker* may have been exaggerating slightly when it described her early life in Toronto as one of "true Dickensian horror." She was born on the

dining room table of a very small apartment over a Chinese laundry on Dundas Street West. Her father, a shoeless illiterate boy who had left a remote village in Crete and journeyed to Toronto wearing the boots of his dead brother, worked in greasy-spoon restaurants and suffered always from manic-depressive psychosis. At the age of four, she had tuberculosis, and to this day her lung ailments recur, as they did when she was in Paris rehearsing *Lulu*, and her weight dropped to 87 pounds. When she was a child, her mother saved money by making pillowcases and undershirts from flour sacks, and she keeps an old flour sack on the wall of her apartment in a large, declining New York hotel to remind her of her origins.

Talking to Rasky about those days, Stratas remarks, "It was a wonderful way of living, and it was a terrible way of living. Every day you had your tragedies and your comic relief." The Greeks were always dancing and breaking plates, but it wasn't always as much fun as *Zorba the Greek* would have one believe. As a teenager she tried to commit suicide because she had seen her mother crying over the bills that couldn't be paid and she thought it might be easier with fewer mouths to feed. But her mother gave Teresa the sense that she could do anything, and she was fiercely determined that she would become a great singer. When a friend told Mrs. Stratas, "Look at you, you have no jewelry," she replied, "I have my children — they're my jewelry."

When Teresa was two, her sister Mary, then seven, wanted to take dancing lessons, but after one lesson it became clear that the attendant noise would lead to the family's eviction if the instruction continued. As a compromise, the family scraped up \$75 and bought a piano so Mary could learn music instead. Mary would struggle all week to learn how to play a certain tune, and Teresa would casually play it perfectly after hearing it once. It was then that the family began to realize they had a prodigy on their hands. As a girl, Teresa sang in Greek clubs and moviehouses. Just before her 16th birthday, a drunk who ate a full meal at the restaurant her parents by then owned was unable to pay for it, and in lieu of money left two tickets to a Metropolitan Opera performance at Maple Leaf Gardens. Teresa's mother gave her the tickets as a birthday present, and that evening changed her life. In the film, Stratas charmingly recounts the story of how she went to an audition for the University of Toronto music faculty without the required accompanist and sang the most complicated piece of music she knew, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

The rest was history — the stuff of a deliciously trashy movie bio. In 1959, she had her audition for the Met. While she was rehearsing or performing, her father would often arrive backstage and demand to see her at once. Sometimes

he was fended off by Rudolf Bing himself. Even when, as often happened later, Stratas had to cancel an appearance and possibly jeopardize her future, Bing was terribly understanding. Her big break came when she replaced Lucine Amara as Liu in *Turandot*, sharing the stage with Birgit Nilson.

Watching some of Harry Rasky's earlier films, I've squirmed while he fawns over celebrity subjects like Arthur Miller, whose every half-articulated banality was enshrined by Rasky as some timeless *pensée*. After a film-festival audience applauded the fake compassion of Rasky's voyeuristic documentary about freaks, *Beautiful People*, a smart young documentary director told me on the way out, "You know, you'll be lynched if you write the truth about this movie." Rasky occupies a unique place within the CBC, and he consistently wins international honors, but I can't say I seriously disagreed with Morris Wolfe when he wrote in *Saturday Night*, "What the term Raskymentry has come to mean to me is a flabby documentary." And there was something about Rasky's choice of subject — Michelangelo, Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's, Anne Frank, Leonard Cohen — that suggested he was hellbent on achieving greatness by association.

Yet despite the misgivings that one might have about Rasky, *Stratasphere* is a disarming and captivating film. In the person of Teresa Stratas, perhaps Harry Rasky has met his match. She doesn't turn to jelly when fawned over. There are tantalizing glimpses of her glorious achievements as a lyric soprano, but for more of that you'd have to see her in performance rather than in a TV documentary. What emerges in this film is the compelling life story of a great personality. When we see her walking across the plaza at Lincoln Center, where Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine tore each other's hair out in *The Turning Point*, we're reminded that *Stratasphere* is more dramatically persuasive than any shamelessly melodramatic bio that Hollywood has ever served up. Even during Stratas' extended account of a pilgrimage to work with her namesake, Mother Teresa, we're not embarrassed for her. The flat, nasal Stratas speaking voice is a surprising contrast to her lyric soprano singing voice, and it works almost as a comic counterpoint. The humorous lightness takes the gooey heaviness out of this life story. We can see the marvellous comedy, as well as the junk pathos, in the story of this waif from Dundas Street who, having become one of the world's reigning opera stars, still worries about finding her true identity, and worries that the world might one day find out she's bluffing. Rasky's *Stratasphere* is TV at its most frightfully rarified level, but it works its magic on you. It's the equivalent of an opera that transcends its own ludicrous excesses and brings you cheering to your feet.

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"Daydreaming": McKay paints his evocative landscapes from memory

David McKay: Fond remembrance of times past

This self-taught artist from Fredericton, N.B., captures on canvas how people feel about places — especially old places

By David Folster

When David McKay peers out the third-floor windows of his studio in a former school in downtown Fredericton, he sees the old-fashioned skyline of the city's residential area — a collage of gables and steeply pitched roofs. It's a scene that ought regularly to tap the creative juices in a man who was a structural technician before he became an artist. But, in fact, it rarely does. Why? The reason probably lies in McKay's approach to painting — which is literally down-to-earth. "I like to paint things looking up at them," he says.

Certain perspectives recur often in McKay's evocative landscapes. There is a broad sweep of foreground between the artist and his subject, a sloping terrain, and usually a roof that acts like a wall over which we look at the horizon and sky beyond. Old things predominate: Weathered buildings, spent orchards, tired land. The ambience is decidedly nostalgic; one gets the sense of gaining a semi-surreptitious, middle-distance view of a fondly remembered past.

These are images to which people are clearly responding. Now in his 11th year

of full-time professional painting, McKay, 37, had his 18th show in November — at Montreal's Shayne Gallery. His work has gone across the country and to Europe, and it's bringing good prices: \$300 to \$600 for watercolors, \$1,000 to \$5,000 for egg tempera paintings. McKay is also becoming something of a household name in New



McKay: A loner searching for harmony

Brunswick because his commissioned painting of a historic farmhouse in the Miramichi valley is on the cover of the latest provincial telephone directories.

In his youth, McKay dreamed of getting the call as an artist. But the household in which he grew up at Barker's Point, N.B., adjacent to Fredericton, had too practical a bent for that, so he went off to trade school in Saint John and then got a job designing reinforcing steel for concrete structures. He painted part-time, however, and at a local Fredericton show in 1971, his work sold out. That was the encouragement he needed. At 26, he gave up his job and took up painting for a living.

The transition wasn't smooth. He had trouble settling down to paint in the first year, then indulged in a binge of too much painting in the second. It was the third and fourth years before a routine developed and McKay began to solve the mysteries of his own creative chemistry. Today he climbs the stairs to his studio like a man going to the office, and heads off boredom by periodically shifting back and forth between watercolors and egg tempera.

It's a good studio for one who likes to observe weather and is fascinated by atmospheric effects, as McKay is. He has his easel near a group of old-fashioned high windows in the big room, and the light streaming in is unfettered and natural. He paints his landscapes from memory — scenes often drawn from visits to a friend's place on Prince Edward Island and from boyhood sojourns at his grandmother's farm in nearby Prince William. As a result, he deals in powerful images, the ones that remain

PHOTOS BY DON JOHNSON

impressed on his mind after less important elements have faded. He thinks a lot of landscapists are too literal in their renditions of what they see. "I think it's better to paint feelings that people get about places rather than just reproduce the visual elements."

He is self-taught, mostly from books recommended by other artists, including Alex Colville. His art is full of contrasts, beginning with the two media he works in. Egg tempera, a medium that's been revived in the past decade after being largely neglected since its heyday during the Italian Renaissance, allows the artist to paint in thin, glaze-like layers; it permits great detail but requires a tightly disciplined approach. Watercolor is more expansive and spontaneous, being all strokes and washes. One can understand how each medium could be a therapeutic counterpoint to the other.

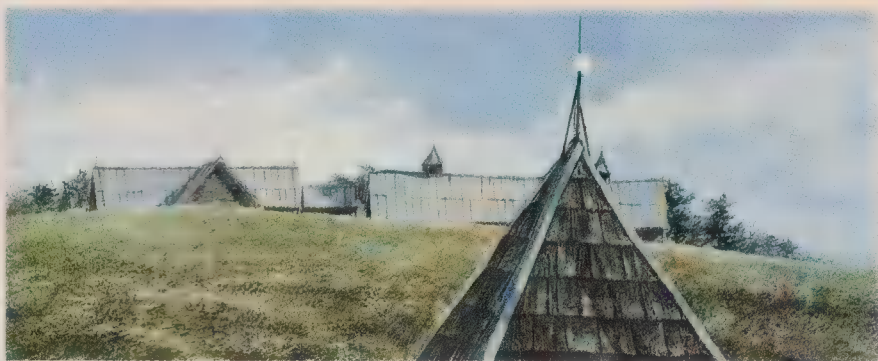
Within McKay's individual paintings lie more differences — contrasts between light and dark, soft and hard, fragile and strong. A new work, a nude study called "Night Diver," places the soft and delicate curves of a young woman undressing for a nocturnal swim against the angular bulk of the pier from which she will shortly plunge. But there is a timely consistency here, too. A steel mooring ring hangs on the pier, and its circular shape is the same as McKay has chosen for the perimeter of the painting.

He is, in fact, fascinated by circles and speaks in almost reverential tones about the "mystical" qualities of the circular shape. Maybe, he says, "it's because so many things in nature are circular." Not only in nature — like the earth, moon and sun — but in life too. A wedding ring is circular, McKay notes, and so is humankind's greatest invention, the wheel. "The circle is the perfect shape," he declares. Because he does sometimes put his paintings in circular or oval frames, McKay inevitably is assumed to be emulating another Maritime realist, Tom Forrestall, who long ago began using odd-shaped frames to advantage. But says McKay, "He uses those shapes for different purposes than I do. He employs them to help evoke moods. What I'm trying to do is harmonize the shape of the painting with the elements in it."

McKay also looks for harmony in life. Two and a half years ago, he bought an older home in Fredericton and ripped the entire insides out of it. Then, with the help of friends, he redesigned and rebuilt the interior, incorporating, naturally, a circular wall or two. "I don't like sharply cornered things," he says.

His career, too, has had a kind of gently sloping rise to it. "My standard of living is gradually getting better," he says, "but it's a slow process." Buying the house for himself, his wife, Nancy, and nine-year-old son, Neill, was a milestone. A future goal is to buy a car. In the warm months now, he cycles to his studio.

But he has no regrets about exchanging




"Six Lightning Rods": A sloping terrain, weathered buildings, tired land

ing the security of a steady job for the irregular pay cheques of the artist. "I think this job suits my talents and temperament." Satisfaction, he says, comes from "working by myself and not depending on someone else."

He likes his present studio, too. He shares the top floor of the old school with three other artists; none invades the space of the others without a clear invita-

tion. Everybody understands that a closed door means keep out.

At the level of the tree-tops, it is a semi-isolated world. As someone who has always tended to be a loner, McKay says it's the right environment for his introspective nature. "I think it shows that I like to look at things by myself. I like the feeling of looking at things without a lot of other people around." 



"Revised Forecast"
McKay's fascinated
by weather and
its effects

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Jan.-Feb. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Mass Appeal," a Broadway hit about God, human folly and laughter: Jan. 22-9, Fredericton; Jan. 31, Edmundston; Feb. 1, Campbellton; Feb. 2, Bathurst; Feb. 3, Chatham/Newcastle; Feb. 4-7, Moncton; Feb. 9-11, Saint John; Feb. 12, St. Stephen

Jan. — Moncton Alpines play: Baltimore, Jan. 8; St. Catharines, Jan. 12, 28; Nova Scotia, Jan. 15; Adirondack, Jan. 19; Rochester, Jan. 26; Fredericton, Jan. 30; The Coliseum, Moncton

Jan. — Fredericton Express plays: Hershey, Jan. 1; Baltimore, Jan. 11; Moncton, Jan. 13; St. Catharines, Jan. 15, 27; Adirondack, Jan. 20; Rochester, Jan. 25; Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Jan. — Lord Strathcona Cup Curling, Canada vs. Scotland: Jan. 12, 13, Moncton; Jan. 14, 15, Saint John; Jan. 16, 17, Fredericton

Jan. 1-16 — Maritime Flavour: Recent watercolors by Nora Gross, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 1-30 — Selma Brody: Collages in leather, glass and wood, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Jan. 1-30 — Whales: An exhibit, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Jan. 6-30 — Fredericton Society of

Artists Group Show, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 7 — Holiday Classic Basketball, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Jan. 7-9 — Mixed Schooner Curling Invitational, Plaster Rock

Jan. 7-9 — Ladies' Northeast Zone Curling Playdown, Bathurst

Jan. 9 - Feb. 20 — Kings Landing Historical Settlement: Snowshoeing, cross-country skiing, tobogganning, horse rides, skating (on Sundays), Kings Landing

Jan. 10 - Feb. 10 — The Murray and Marguerite Vaughan Inuit Print Collection, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Jan. 15 - Feb. 16 — The Bridgetown Series: Thirty-five watercolors by Ken Tolmie, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Jan. 28 - Feb. 6 — Winter Carnival, Shediac

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Jan. 1-9 — "All about Us," a collection of children's art, EPTEK Centre, Summerside

Jan. 5 - Feb. 6 — Maxwell Bales: A retrospective, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Jan. 15 - Feb. 28 — Summerside collects: Works from private collections, EPTEK Centre, Summerside

Jan. 19 - Feb. 13 — David Thau-berger: Paintings, Confederation Centre

Art Gallery

Jan. 22, 23 — The Carlton Showband, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Jan. 23 — "Tonight": Singing and dancing, Confederation Centre

Jan. 23 — Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents The Netherlands Brass Quintet, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

Jan. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Hershey, Jan. 2; Baltimore, Jan. 6; Moncton, Jan. 9; St. Catharines, Jan. 13, 30; Adirondack, Jan. 16; Rochester, Jan. 28; Metro Centre, Halifax

Jan. 1-23 — Pudlo Pudlat: Dorset artist, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Jan. 1-23 — Regional Realism: Works from the Permanent Collection, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery

Jan. 1-23 — Neptune Theatre presents "Special Occasions," a comedy by Bernard Slade, Halifax

Jan. 7-29 — Faculty, Alumni, Staff and Student Exhibit, Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, Halifax

Jan. 12 - March 1 — Ann Richardson: Painted collages, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

Jan. 12 - March 1 — Folk Art in Four

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NEW ADDRESS FROM

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CODE

Dimensions, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia
Jan. 12 - March 2 — André Kertesz:
A retrospective of 200 photographs, Art
Gallery of Nova Scotia

Jan. 14 — "Conservation of
Energy": Percussion, synthesizer and
base guitar played by Greg Brothers and
Greg Diepenbroek, Saint Mary's Univer-
sity Art Gallery

Jan. 21 — Saint Mary's University
Folk Choir, conducted by Margaret Mac-
Donald, SMU Art Gallery

Jan. 21 — Ballet Trocadero: A New
York all-male comedy ballet company,
Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Jan. 22 - Feb. 6 — 9th Annual
University Community Show, Mount
Saint Vincent Art Gallery

Jan. 30 — Nova Music Concert,
featuring Nexus, Dalhousie Arts Centre

NEWFOUNDLAND

Jan. — Chinese Magic Circus:
Dance, magic, acrobatics; Jan. 4,
Stephenville; Jan. 7, Gander; Jan. 8-9,
St. John's

Jan. 6-22 — Sketches by Ted Grover,
Arts Centre, Marystown

Jan. 6-30 — Mirrorings: An exhibit
by women artists of the Atlantic prov-
inces, Memorial University Art Gallery,
St. John's

Jan. 6-30 — Andrew Danson:
Photographs, Memorial University Art
Gallery

Jan. 13-15 — The Open Group
presents "Jitters," Arts and Culture
Centre, St. John's

Jan. 15 - Feb. 15 — "On the Edge of
the Eastern Ocean": Drawings by Pam
Hall, Arts and Culture, Corner Brook

Jan. 17 — Rising Tide Theatre
presents "The Known Soldier," Arts and
Culture Centre, St. John's

Jan. 20 - Feb. 26 — Quillwork of the
Plains: Work by Western Canadian In-
dians, Newfoundland Museum, St.
John's

Jan. 21 — Newfoundland Symphony
Orchestra, featuring Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi
on cello, Arts and Culture Centre, St.
John's

Jan. 28 - Feb. 5 — The Carlton
Showband, Arts and Culture Centre, St.
John's

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I see in '83 a well named Alice...



... a luxury tax on left shoes. A big gift for Halifax from the feds. And much, much more

Long before the coppers were put on the eyes of 1982, there were doleful warnings that 1983 might not be worth getting out of bed for.

Mr. Trudeau kicked many pacemakers into overdrive with his prediction of a hard, hard winter... compared, one supposes, to last, which was not exactly a pig feast in Bora-Bora before the white man came. In Newfoundland, Mr. Peckford's mini-budget boosted the cost of living again by another 45 cents a bottle.

But are we despondent? Nooooo! Do we despair? Nooooo! This year is going to be interesting, if not bright, in spots. I know because I've inherited some small ability to predict. My father can put away warts and my mother has the uncanny inability to put anyone to bed without supper. I also have a cousin who can make other peoples' silverware vanish.

Gazing ahead, then, we see that the Happy Province laid its usual claim to the first baby born in 1983. Little Petroleum Pelley, infant daughter of Burt and Irene Pelley of Nippers Harbour East, entered the world at two and a quarter minutes past midnight on New Year's Day.

She beat by a narrow margin two other infants born within half an hour of the New Year... Xavier Roustabout Parsons, son of John and Marie Parsons, St. John's, and Hibernia Sweetapple, daughter of Ms. Isadora Sweetapple of Grand Falls.

As the gas and oil fever here continues to rise many patriotic parents are placing related names on their new offspring. At the same time, so many new wells have been reported on the Grand Banks that names are running short. Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice were capped in December and await production. There's an official scheme to name future wells Brian XXVII, Brian XXVIII... and so forth.

In June, 1982, a royal commission was appointed to investigate why unemployment and poverty in Newfoundland seem to rise in direct proportion to the amount of oil and gas discovered. This February, the commission will present its interim report. It will report the discovery that the foot bone is connected to the ankle bone. Also, that all God's chillun got shoes... and will then pack its traps for further hearings in Montego Bay.

In March, on the feast of the Annunciation of the BVM, Finance Minister John Collins will announce that all God's

chillun got shoes and that shoes are a luxury like ciggies and booze.

Dr. Collins will illustrate this by sticking a bare foot into a snowdrift and saying "Aarrrrgggh!" and then sticking in a shod foot while remarking "Ummmmmm!" He'll announce a 150% surtax on boots and shoes. Fierce opposition will later cause the minister to modify this policy so that only the left boot or shoe will carry the tax.

Good news in mid-April. Resource ministers in eastern Canada are to report that the scourge of the spruce budworm has been completely eliminated by acid rain. For this valuable service, New Jersey will present the Atlantic provinces with a bill for \$57.8 million.

On May 16, Mr. Trudeau will repeat his earlier statement that if Newfoundland wants to leave Confederation it is free to go. Immediately, in fact, if it

"Resource ministers in eastern Canada are to report that the scourge of the spruce budworm has been completely eliminated by acid rain"

doesn't want (1) Cape Breton as a protectorate, (2) 250,000 Sicilian immigrants, (3) a nuclear test site in Terra Nova Park or (4) him to resign tomorrow.

A herring will be sighted about six miles southeast of Cape Race on June 23. Since the herring was long thought to be extinct, this report will cause great excitement. Fishing craft from 23 nations will race toward the area and Canada, desperate to fill its herring quota for this year, will appeal for help to the Swedish Armed Forces.

Using techniques employed by the Swedes to hunt snooping Russian subs, the Canadian Forces will lay depth charges and small nuclear devices to force the herring to show itself. A two-and-a-half-month search will bring forth nothing but half an eel, a used French letter and three Russian submarines. Subsequently, the federal minister of

Fisheries will resign to resume his old job of teaching a ceramics class in Ste. Agathe des Petits Phoques.

Shortly before Labor Day, Ottawa will announce that Halifax is to receive one-third of the federal budget for 1984, all the firstborn of Prince Edward Island, 200,000 expense-paid fortnights on the *Love Boat* and a free recording of Justin Trudeau practising kung fu on his teddy bear — not sold in any stores. Whereas St. John's will get boo sucks in a brown paper bag... nyah, nyah, nyah!

Premier Peckford will say, what odds, we've still got our pride although it is becoming something of a luxury. Finance Minister Collins will announce a 150% luxury tax on pride, sex and the use of four-letter words. Twenty-six more oil wells are found, forcing unemployment up to 83%.

In the week after Thanksgiving, the Newfoundland Royal Commission on the Economy meets the federal Royal Commission on the Economy. To underline a point in these trying times, the commissioners will entertain each other at a dinner of pizza and beer and will lodge on the less-dear south coast of Barbados. In a joint press conference they'll reveal that the leg bone may be connected to the knee bone.

Finance Minister Collins will attempt to introduce a surtax on the use of knee bones for other than bona fide religious purposes but will scrap the plan when his own are interfered with by a three-quarter-inch Black and Decker drill.

During the third week in Advent, Premier Peckford will appeal to Prime Minister Trudeau for Canadian Forces to help deal with unusually high spirits in Newfoundland. Confederation Building will have been blown up and three residents of New Bonaventure overheard muttering outside the post office about switching their vote to the Liberals. Prime Minister Trudeau will respond immediately by sending along the widow of a veteran of the First World War armed with two pounds of navy beans and a stout rubber band.

On Dec. 31, Premier J.R. Smallwood will announce a \$10,000 prize to the first baby born in 1984 who's got the makings of a damned fine Liberal.

All in all, not a superlative year, perhaps, but surely enough to keep the mind half alive. ☒



Maybe you're teaching them more than you realise.

Teenagers often give the impression that parents have no influence in their lives, that they can handle it all themselves. Well, when the subject is drinking, nothing could be farther from the truth. You don't have to take our word for it. Here's what some teenagers have said:

"Everything I know about drinking I learned from my parents."

"They tell me to watch myself at parties, but they forget that advice when they have one of their own."

"I've seen my parents' friends drive home when they really shouldn't have. Why didn't someone suggest a cab?"

"I know drinking and driving is a dangerous thing to do. But I don't under-

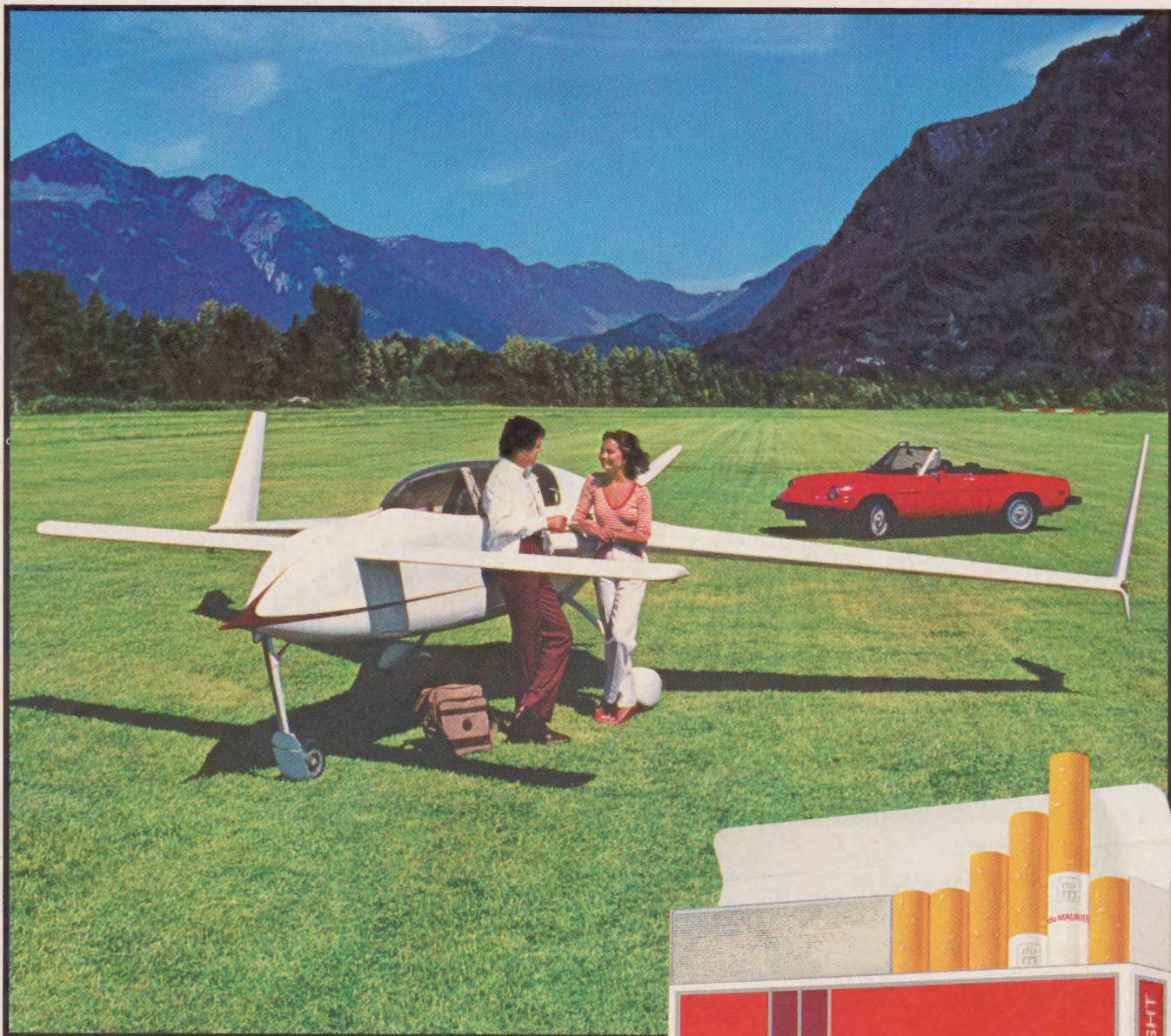
stand why it's only dangerous for me, not for my father."

We could go on, but you get the point. Nothing you can say about drinking responsibly is as believable as acting responsibly.

So please. If you won't make the effort for yourself, at least have the good sense to do it for your kids.

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